The Outlook

MAY 25, 1921

THE DISCOVERER OF RADIUM

SCIENTIFIC bodies, women's colleges, and Polish patriots have vied in honoring Madame Curie on her visit to this country. As a girl Marie Sklodowska left Poland rather than betray fellow-students accused of anti-imperial ideas. Thus she became a laboratory worker in Paris and met Paul Curie, her future husband and co-worker in those patient investigations that led to the segregation of the precious substance known as radium.

In her address the other day at Smith College Madame Curie laid emphasis on the fact that the pursuit of science pure and simple for the sake of knowledge rather than direct practical gain was a sure if slow road toward discoveries of benefit to humanity. So it certainly was in this case; intricate and innumerable experiments with radio-active substances led to the logical conclusion that hornblende must contain one radio-active element totally unknown. This was a brilliant piece of chemical reasoning followed at last by actual separation of the new element and its visual demonstration. The Curies were working to establish scientific truth; but incidentally thereby they conferred a benefit on suffering humanity. Rarely if ever has the Nobel Prize been more fitly awarded than to Madame Curie and her husband, in 1903. Very fitting is the presentation to our honored guest as a token of the honor in which Americans hold her of a single gram of radium, valued at about $100,000, to be used in her Paris laboratory and for medical relief.

American women teachers and students honor her as a Warsaw scholar, a professor in the Paris School of Physics, a member of the French Academy of Science, a thorough scientist, and as the woman of this generation who has attained the highest distinction in the field of chemical research. Therefore a great gathering of American university women was planned for May 19, at which every American woman's college was to be represented, while the speakers chosen were among women leaders in the educational field. One comment on the value of Madame Curie's career says: "She is a personal force for the upliftment of her sex, and this despite the fact that she has not been noted in the self-conscious woman movement. After all, there is nothing that teaches as does example."

Equally universal was the recognition accorded Madame Curie by the scientific bodies. The plans included a luncheon in her honor by five scientific societies, a reception at the American Museum of Natural History, under the auspices of the New York Academy of Science and New York Mineralogical Club, and the formal presentation by President Harding at Washington of the gram of radium.

In handing to Madame Curie a diploma as Doctor of Science President Neilson, of Smith College, hailed her as "first among women of all ages for the brilliance, magnitude, and significance of her scientific discovery, the peer of the greatest benefactors of mankind in the unselfishness with which she has devoted without tax or toll the results of her research to the service of humanity."

Central News

MADAME CURIE AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS ON THEIR ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK

MR. EDISON SEEKS LIGHT ON A NUMBER OF THINGS

As inevitably as mumps will sweep through the primary grade of a school, so do certain topics become epidemic in the world of conversation. The editor who could always tell in advance the news items which would prove infectious would be indeed happy. Such an item appears to be Mr. Edison's list of "general information" questions.

Certain applicants for work in Mr. Edison's employ recently found themselves confronted with a list of questions designed by Mr. Edison to determine whether or not the applicants for a position were observing and mentally alert. The questions were diverse in character, as the following examples will show:

In what States do the Apache Indians now live?
What two rivers converge at Pittsburgh?
What number of vibrations per second do red rays of light give? Violet rays?
Of what country is La Paz the capital?
Bound Idaho.
Who was Fenimore Cooper?
What is the difference between linen and cotton?
What is TNT?
Who was Thomas Paine?
What function has the colon in man and where is it located?

Schoolmen have been indignant because the questions were useless in determining whether or not the questionee could rightly claim to be educated. The applicants were indignant because they failed to see any connection between the thyroid gland and selling incandescent bulbs.

We have seen no indication that Mr. Edison believed that his questions would determine the amount of education which an applicant possessed, nor do we believe that he had any thought that a familiarity with the thyroid gland would assist in the selling of electric lights. The real cause of complaint with Mr. Edison's list lies in the fact that it does not cover questions of general interest, but deals largely with specific facts which most well-ordered minds would cast out as superfluous mental lumber. It sounds very much like a list prepared by a person who wanted to ask certain questions because he himself happened to know their answers. The questions produced by such a process may be amusing, but they are less illuminating than the lamps which made Mr. Edison famous.

FACING THE FACTS

ONE valuable, if indirect, outcome of the "Murder Farm" horror in Georgia has been a plain and constructive statement on the race question from the Governor of the State. In this he makes no attempt to minimize the charges of unfair and cruel treatment of the colored people, but he rightly declares that the better element (and that, he claims, constitutes the majority) of the white people condemns oppression. What is better still is his appeal to them to join

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in specific plans to put down violence and cruelty and establish good relations between the races.

As to the facts, Governor Dorsey laments Georgia's record of the past; 418 lynchings since 1885 is a frightful record, greater than that of any other State. In the last two years, he says, there have been 135 instances in Georgia of "Negroes lynched, Negroes held in peonage, Negroes driven out by organized lawlessness, and Negroes subjected to individual acts of cruelty," while in only two of the cases cited was crime against white women involved.

The remedies suggested and outlined by Governor Dorsey include: thorough investigation and publicity by Georgians, not outsiders; the organization of white and Negro committees on race relations; compulsory education for both races; the repeal of existing laws that permit peonage; a State Constabulary to be sent wherever violence is threatened; a commission of judges to inquire into lynching; the drawing of juries from the State at large in lynching cases; and perhaps the infliction of a fine upon a county where a lynching has taken place.

All these suggestions are open to discussion; out of them should come some concrete action and reform from within rather than from without the State.

It may be something more than a coincidence that these suggestions come from a Governor who, while the State's Attorney, had the bitter experience of seeing his prosecution of the Frank case rouse the mob spirit among the people. Georgia needs reform in this; and no one has better reason to know it than Governor Dorsey.

THE SLACKER LISTS

FURTHER publication of the lists prepared by the War Department of slackers and deserters continues to result in the gathering in of an unnoticeable number of fugitives and in a painfully noticeable number of false charges against men who served honorably in the war. Chicago has contributed a lieutenant-colonel to this last category and New York has found several men decorated for bravery upon its list of draft evaders and deserters.

Concerning these slacker lists, Secretary Weeks recently said:

> We have exercised every precaution, the lists having been checked three times by the Adjutant-General's office and then referred back to the local draft boards. It would be too bad if the descendants of men who served honorably in the World War should, fifty or one hundred years from now, look up the records of their forebears in the War Department and find them listed as draft evaders. Publication gives every man a chance to clear up his record.

The point which Secretary Weeks makes is a sound one, but the soundness of the Secretary's contention does not mitigate the distress and annoyance caused by errors in the official lists.

THE POSTMASTERS AND MERIT

POLITICIANS have been besieging the President to throw the Post Office Department back to the spoilsman.

The President's rejoinder of May 10 is in the form of an Executive Order. Mr. Harding's act is in line with his pledge, given during the Presidential campaign, to stand by the merit system.

There are over 52,000 postmasters. Of these, the nearly 40,000 fourth-class postmasters are already by law under Civil Service examination rules. The remainder are under the rules only by Executive Order; 700 are first-class postmasterships; over 2,600, second-class; and nearly 9,600, third-class.

If the receipts of post offices are above a certain amount they are of the first class and the postmasters' salaries are $3,200 or more; postmasters in offices of the second class (with a smaller minimum of receipts) receive a salary of $2,300 or more; those of the third class, a salary of $1,000 or more; those of the fourth class, a salary of less than $1,000.

President Wilson put the first three classes under Civil Service examination rules, precedent to appointment, as Congress had already done with respect to the fourth class. There has been much inquiry as to whether President Harding would repeat the order.

He does, but he lets down the bars a little. Instead of Mr. Wilson's ruling to submit to the President the first name on an eligible list of candidates who have passed a Civil Service examination, the Postmaster-General may now submit any one out of the first three. The examinations, Mr. Harding adds, shall be "based on the applicant's business training, experience, fitness, organizing and executive ability, and general qualifications for an efficient administration, and shall in no sense be a cloistered, scholastic examination which might result in a high grade in theory but not in a guaranty of efficiency."

The President then proceeds to put up the bars a little. He says that the above is subject to the provision that "at the expiration of the term of any person appointed . . . through examination before the Civil Service Commission the Postmaster-General may . . . submit the name of such person to the President for renomination without further examination."

As Mr. Harding concludes, obviously these offices "are business agencies of the Government in purpose and ought to become so in fact." To this end he recommends an Act of Congress. All friends of the merit system will heartily indorse this. Our postmasters should be put beyond the possibility of a reactionary order which would reverse the progress already made.

THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM

BOTH houses of Congress have now passed the Immigration Bill in virtually the same form as the measure passed by the preceding Congress. By a "pocket veto" President Wilson allowed this bill to die—that is, he took no action on it. When it was passed, The Outlook called it a mechanical and mediæval measure.

The bill limits immigration for the next thirteen months to three per cent of the number of foreign-born persons of any nationality in the United States as determined by the census of 1920. This would give us some 75,000 potential propagandists from Germany and 52,000 from Russia. We would get many times as many Germans as French, indeed not as many French as we are now admitting. We would get but 1,482 persons from Belgium and only 139 from Serbia.

In the New York "Evening Post" Mr. M. W. Alexander, Director of the National Industrial Conference Board, has published an interesting and suggestive survey of our immigration. He shows that, according to the Immigration Commissioner's report, during the preceding fiscal year some 430,000 immigrant aliens were admitted into this country and over 288,000 immigrant aliens departed, leaving a net alien immigrant increase of over 141,000. Mr. Alexander thinks that the present increase of net immigrant alien population will not prove to be as great as rumored.

The bill would permit about 350,000 immigrants to enter and would assign to the major countries the following percentages:

Germany	21.1
The former Russia	14.6
The former Austria-Hungary	14.1
The United Kingdom	21.7
Italy	11.3
Scandinavia	10.5
France	1.0
Greece	.9
Spain	.2
Other countries	4.6

During the operation of the proposed legislation, affirms Mr. Alexander, eighteen per cent from Denmark and seventy-three per cent from Belgium of the normal annual arrivals would have to be rejected (these countries send most of their immigrants to our farming areas); and fifty-nine per cent from France would have to be refused admittance. The bill is thus not only

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THE REST IS LABOR

Macbeth I, 4

CARTOONS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

Alley in the Memphis Commercial Appeal

HE'LL GET HOMESICK BY SUPPER-TIME!

From Mrs. C. P. McCarver, Memphis, Tenn.

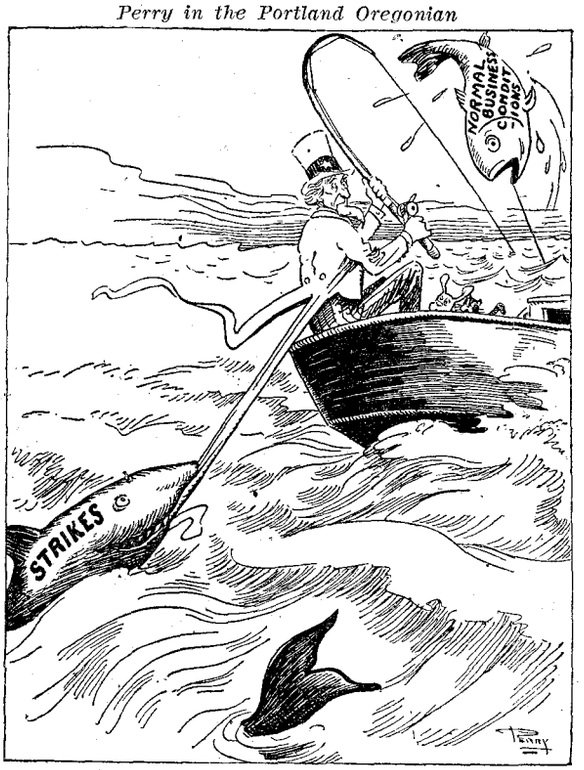
Chapin in the San Francisco Examiner

ON THE FIRING LINE.
NOTICE S.E EMPLOYER "ALL THINGS BEING EQUAL GIVE THE JOB TO THE EX-SERVICE MAN" SIGNED- AMERICAN LEGION
ON THE HIRING LINE

A STORY IN TWO LINES

From Mrs. Lois S. Anderson, Piedmont, Cal.

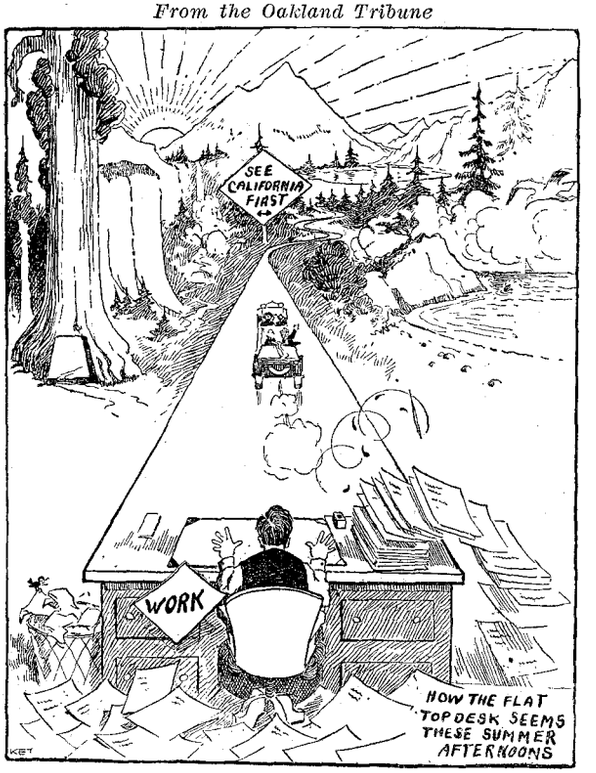
Perry in the Portland Oregonian



JUST WHEN IT LOOKED AS IF HE WOULD LAND IT

From S. McClaim, Portland, Oregon

From the Oakland Tribune



THE CALL OF THE OPEN ROAD

From Priscilla Avery, Oakland, Cal.

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a theoretical shutting out of mere numbers; it is in particular a shutting out of the kind of people we want.

THE ALLIES MUST ACT IN ACCORD

WHAT will be the outcome of the critical situation in Upper Silesia depends upon the promptness of action of the Supreme Council representing the leading Allied Powers of Europe. The danger lies in the difficulty of procuring unity of purpose and unity of action. Neither German military forces nor Polish insurgents should be allowed to control in any part of Upper Silesia. It is all, legally, and should be actually, under the control of the Allies until a decision is reached by the Supreme Council as a result of the recent plebiscite and in accordance with the provisions of the Versailles Treaty. Delay in bringing things to a point is dangerous. A decision once reached, however, it is plainly for the Allies to enforce that decision, regardless of opposition.

Lloyd George's recent utterance in the House of Commons has been misinterpreted both by the Poles and by the French press. It is not the case, as French writers have assumed, that the English Prime Minister invited German troops to march against Poland, or even to march against Polish insurgents in Upper Silesia. What Lloyd George said in effect was that the Allies should insist upon compliance with the Treaty of Versailles by all parties concerned, and that if they fail to make the Treaty respected they must not be surprised if Germany enforces its own rights under the Treaty in Upper Silesia. He said:

> We must adhere to the Treaty, whether it is for or against us. I dislike the sort of trifling which says, "After all, they are only Germans." They are entitled to everything the bond either imposes upon them or gives them and we ought to judge impartially, with a stern sense of justice, whether it is for us or against us.
>
> Fair play is what Great Britain stands for and I hope she will stand for it to the end. I hope that although they are Germans we will show all the more that we will stand for fair play, and our authority will be all the greater for it.

Mr. Lloyd George might have added that likewise, in the event of failure by the Allies to maintain fair play, no one should be surprised at the effort of the Poles to enforce what they regard as their rights.

As the discussion has gone on it is noteworthy that all parties concerned declare their intention of abiding by the Treaty of Versailles. The French Premier, M. Briand, has said: "France bases her position on the Treaty of Versailles, and has no wish to escape its terms." Even General Korfanty, who has led the Polish insurgents movement, is reported to have declared that he would withdraw as soon as the Allies reach a decision. But, unfortunately, he followed this remark with the statement that, if the decision is not just—that is, as he went on to explain, "if it does not give Poland the territory marked by the Korfanty line"—anarchy will follow. The French declare, on the other hand, that the Poles are not the only offenders.

The situation is full of explosive possibilities, but it more and more seems incredible that France and England should not realize the necessity of joint action following prompt and reasonable decision as to the future of Upper Silesia.

Officially Poland disavows the Korfanty demonstration. Neither Poland nor Germany nor, indeed, any single country has the right of decision. If the Paris Conference had seen clearly and acted wisely, the trouble would not have arisen. But it allowed itself to follow the idealistic plan of "self-determination" by a popular vote in a country in which more voters inclined to Germany and those voters inclined to Poland were massed largely in separate sections of the territory; the Paris Conference also confused the issue by providing that the disposition of Upper Silesia should not rest on a total vote but should be influenced by the vote of "communities," as stated in one place in the Treaty, or, as stated in another place, by "population areas." The crisis and dangers that have resulted illustrate perfectly the absurdity of this kind of "self-determination."

THE ISSUE IN ITALY

ON May 15 elections were held throughout Italy. The main fight was between the Constitutionalists and the Socialists. The Constitutionalists won handsomely according to the present returns.

A significant feature of the elections was that the Socialist vote, reasonably decreased almost everywhere, was even smaller where Communist candidates were on the ticket.

The main trouble in Italy has been the agitation engendered by these Communists. A year ago Italy faced an industrial upheaval. The Communists seized docks, railways, factories, and banks. They had frequent clashes with the troops. At this moment Giolitti became Premier. Nearly eighty years old, he combines a patriarch's patience with a youth's dash. He called the employers and workers together and brought the latter to agree to a truce by promising to introduce into Parliament a bill providing that the workers should share in the technical and financial management of the factories. At the same time he reduced the Italian budget deficit.

Though the industrial disorders calmed down, enough trouble remained to make the Prime Minister ask the King to dissolve Parliament and to call a general election to determine whether the people approved or disapproved of the Giolitti policies. So far there seems to be no mistake in the reply.

The Socialists, who had a greater representation in Parliament than their party strength warranted, are now put in a juster proportion. One reason for this has been the activities of the Facsisti, the organization of extreme, anti-Bolshevik Nationalists who take their name from their symbol, the *fasces*, borne by the Roman lictors, and signifying respect for law and justice.

It is impossible not to sympathize with the sober section of the Italian Socialists. They are in no wise represented by the Communists, who are simply a handle for Lenine-Trotsky propaganda. The conservative Socialists place patriotism before any obedience to behests from Moscow; they regard compliance with those requests as treason.

Out of the election there will, we believe, arise a governmental administration more decided with regard to law and order than its predecessor has been, much as the "masterly neutrality" of that administration during the past year has been admired in many quarters.

THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

THE RT. HON. JOHN HENRY WHITLEY is the new Speaker of the British House of Commons.

Strangers visiting the Houses of Parliament are always impressed by the Speaker of the House of Commons. His power and his exercise of it are often in striking contrast to what those strangers have noted in their home Parliaments.

As he sits in his wig and robes in his chair on a raised dais in front of a high screen at the north end of the chamber and with the mace, signifying his authority, on the table before him, he appears, somehow, no longer an individual, but the symbol of English parliamentarism. He even seems to that parliamentarism what our written Constitution is to us.

When a new Parliament is opened, the members of the House of Commons are summoned to the House of Lords to hear the Speech from the Throne. In the Sovereign's name, they are then asked to choose a Speaker. They retire to the

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House of Commons to do so. The next day the new Speaker, followed by the Commons, presents himself to the House of Lords, announces his election, and asks for the royal confirmation. Then he demands the ancient rights of the Commons; the most vital of these are liberty of speech and freedom from arrest.

The Speaker's power is enormous. When he enters the House of Commons, the attitude of the whole chamber changes, as well it may; for he is like the flag to a body of soldiers on parade. During the outbursts by Irish members in recent years the Speaker has known how to act, and has acted instantly and summarily in naming the offending member who disregards the Speaker's authority in stopping irrelevant and obnoxious speeches. A motion is then in order to suspend that member, and, what is more, the motion may be decided at once without amendment or debate. Moreover, if a suspended member refuses to leave the House, the Speaker may suspend him for the remainder of the session.

The Speaker's power over debate is as great as it is over discipline; he decides, for instance, whether a motion to close debate may be put or whether it infringes the rights of the minority; he can refuse to entertain any motion if he considers it an abuse of the rules of the House; from his decisions on any points of order there is no appeal.

Members of the House of Commons have therefore been careful in choosing a man with such powers—a man who is justly regarded as the "first commoner of the realm."

The outgoing speaker, the Rt. Hon. James William Lowther, was Deputy Speaker for ten years before he became Speaker, sixteen years ago. He is a typical English Conservative (the Speaker is always selected by the Government of the day, but it has now become the invariable custom to re-elect him as long as he is willing to serve), educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and belonging to the Athenæum and Carlton Clubs. He must now move from his official residence in the Houses of Parliament and will no longer enjoy his Speaker's salary of $25,000 a year and perquisites in addition to his official residence. The reason is that Mr. Lowther is about to be elevated to the peerage, and therefore he can no longer hold office as a commoner.

He is succeeded, as is appropriate, by the man who for ten years has been Deputy Speaker, John Henry Whitley. The new Speaker, while representing the careful training for the office which a Deputy Speaker must needs have, is in striking contrast to his predecessor. Lowther is an aristocrat; Whitley, a democrat; Lowther is a Conservative, Whitley a Liberal; Lowther is a barrister, while Whitley, senior partner in a cotton spinning firm, is a manufacturer.

(C) Keystone

JOHN HENRY WHITLEY, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

As a merchandising nation, England may, it would seem, appropriately select as the first commoner of the realm a man of business.

CLERGYMAN'S AND DAY-LABORER'S SALARIES

It has been said that less than 1 per cent of our active pastors receive $4,000 or more salary. The statement further tells us that hardly 1½ per cent receive from $3,000 to $4,000; that only a little over 4½ per cent receive $2,000 to $3,000; that less than 10 per cent receive $1,500 to $2,000; that something over 32½ per cent receive $1,000 to $1,500; that somewhat less than 39 per cent receive $500 to $1,000; and that about 13 per cent receive $500 or less. It is interesting to compare the average of clergymen's salaries with the average yearly wages of day-laborers.

These figures may not be altogether reliable.

But it is certain that clergymen's salaries are altogether too low. This explains why many men have had to seek employment outside of their profession while endeavoring to fulfill their duties as clergymen. A clergyman in a neighboring State declared that he could not live on his salary. So for the past ten years he has been selling bonds. He now makes a comfortable income.

If the parishes which are served really call for a man's full work, and yet the clergymen do go out into business and put quarter or half their time into the distinctive work of the ministry, it is evident that, as long as they can do this, so long will salaries be kept low.

In his Diocesan Convention address the other day in Boston Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, made this declaration:

> A clergyman ordained consecrates himself fully and wholly to the work of the Church. It may be that, after some years, he discovers it is impossible for him and his family to live upon his salary. Under that necessity, while it is to be regretted, he may be justified in retiring from the ministry and earning his living in some secular pursuit. When he gives the six days towards earning the living of himself and his family in business or other secular pursuit, he has become a business man, and obtains thereby the higher wage and the advantages of a business man. When, however, he still remains officially in the ministry and uses his Sundays to earn more wages, he is claiming the privileges both of the business man and of the clergyman. Consistency would, it seems to me, move such a man to make his choice between one or the other. The number of clergymen holding this double relation is on the increase throughout the Church, and I believe that, unless there is a bracing up of public sentiment, respect for Holy Orders will decline both in the Church and in the business world. Because the clergy, as a whole, are devoted, heart and soul, to the work of the ministry, we are the more jealous of their good name.

The problem is indeed a difficult one. There are two sides to it. But all the churches, we think, need a toning up in regard to the calling of the men whose chief duty is to serve them.

A MEMORY AND A MEMORIAL

On the island of Molokai in the Hawaiian Archipelago is a settlement of lepers in the two villages of Kalaupapa and Kalauao. It was in this latter village that Father Damien lived, labored, and died in the service of the afflicted settlers.

The shore of the part of the island where these villages are located is precipitous, a great massive wall of stone two thousand feet high, made so by the splitting and sinking of another portion now under the sea. The only land route to this, the south and southeastern part of the island, is by a precarious trail which leads over the cliff. Residents of both sides may communicate with one another by telephone; but it is much easier to pass to another island and reach the villages by sea than to come over the mountain between. The Hawaiian name, "Molokai nui a hina," means "The Lonely Isle." Molokai is, and always has been, out of the travel route, little frequented even by residents of the other islands, and to many of them a *terra incognita*. The island is about forty miles long, and averages ten

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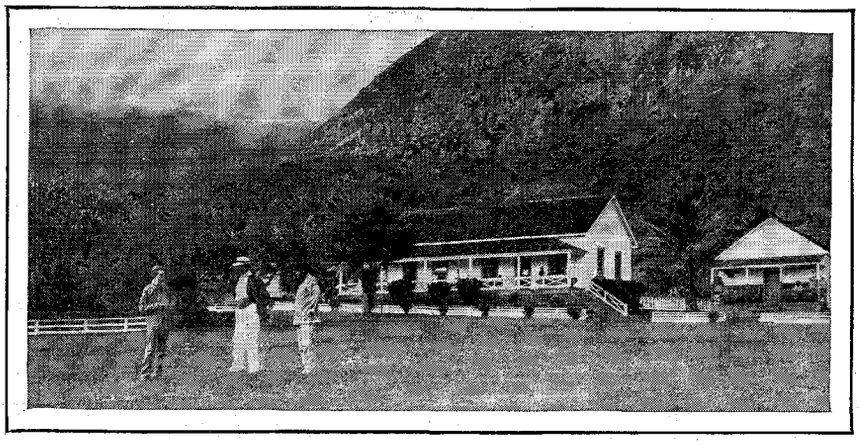

A SCENE IN KALAUAO

The figure on the left is that of the late Brother Joseph Dutton. His assistant, Dr. W. J. Goodhue, is the resident physician at Kalauao and is also the editor of the memorial volume referred to in the accompanying editorial comment

miles in width; it is volcanic, built by lava flows, and is geologically older than Hawaii and its near neighbors.

In 1908 the American battleship fleet was on its way around the world, and, at the request of President Roosevelt, it made a special deviation from its course in order that a salute might be fired in honor of the stricken men and women of the leper villages. The great battleships steaming under the shadow of the mountains of Molokai as they reverberated with the thunder of this unprecedented salute made a picture which no witness of the incident has forgotten.

That is one of the reasons why, when the time came for raising money for a National Roosevelt Memorial, the residents of Molokai not only contributed their full quota, but also felt moved to create a memorial of their own. They have purchased several acres of land in a central location and have called it the "Roosevelt Memorial Children's Park," dedicating it "to Theodore Roosevelt, American." A volume containing many tributes to Theodore Roosevelt has been prepared, and from the sale of this volume it is expected that enough money will be raised to erect a memorial tower in this Roosevelt Park.

It was an act of poetic imagination to order the battleships to salute the leper villages. It was an act characteristic of Theodore Roosevelt.

A RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT IN SOVIET RUSSIA

All persons recently escaped from Soviet Russia bear testimony to the strong religious movement, with a peculiar character of its own, which has developed in Moscow and Petrograd during the last year. Its leaders, a well-informed Russian correspondent tells The Outlook, are mostly young parish priests and members of the *intelligentzia*. The new type of priest, it is explained, differs essentially from the old. He is a strong adherent to the idea of an independent church, and holds himself aloof from all politics in the sense of mixing in political plots and organizations. At the same time he is a stanch democrat and in most cases opposed to the Soviet Government. He frequently speaks openly against the abuses of the existing régime, and the Bolsheviki are obliged to tolerate such speeches. For the struggle between the Bolsheviki and the Church has ended in the definite and obvious victory of the latter. The Bolsheviki no longer dare attack religion. More than that, verified facts prove that ever-increasing numbers of Communists observe religious rites—such as getting married in church, having their children baptized, and receiving Holy Communion on their death-bed. At the demand of Red Army men a religious service was held at the opening of a military hospital. The Orthodox Church, our correspondent avers, has conquered in her bloodless struggle against Bolshevism and emerged purified by her trial and has become more Christian and more truly a Church.

A great number of Christian brotherhoods have of late sprung up in Petrograd. They are established locally, and, including as they do all the religiously inclined persons of the neighborhood, form a kind of community of the early Christian type, founded on charity and brotherly love, everything being shared in common. They hold frequent prayer-meetings and religious philosophic debates. At their head usually stands the parish priest of the new type. Cases of laymen entering Holy Orders are becoming more and more frequent.

Religious debates are taking place more and more frequently in the churches after service, especially in labor districts. One such debate has been described by an eye-witness—a man completely alien to religion and the Church, who confessed that it had left an indelible impression on his mind:

> The small church, dimly lit by smoky strips of wood (wax candles being no longer obtainable), was as crowded as on a church holiday. The people all belonged to the working class, the women with shawls on their heads, the men in working clothes. Men were in the majority. On the raised dais before the altar stood Professor Lossky, small in stature, powerful in speech. He spoke of the soul of the universe, of the knowledge of God, his philosophic intuition closely interwoven with the doctrine of the Orthodox religion. He spoke clearly and simply.
>
> After he had finished there was a long silence. Then a Communist, a young man of about twenty, the President of the Local Union of Communist Youths, rose up and began to speak, vehemently attacking God and the Church.
>
> And suddenly, as if at a given signal, the whole congregation began to sing a hymn. A group of young people—a small one—in their turn started the "Internationale." And for a long while the two tunes—the prayer and the "Internationale"—were blended together, until the "Internationale" was drowned by the mighty swell of the hymn. After that Lossky spoke again, and when he had finished the whole crowd fell on their knees and prayed long and fervently. . . . And the majority of that crowd were working men. . . . To me it was a strange and uncanny sight.

Professor Berdiaiev, the well-known philosopher and expert on Russian Church questions, expressed the following opinion on the spiritual evolution now going on in the Russian Church: "A new Orthodox Church is in process of construction. It will be free and more Christian. The revolution has brought liberty to the Russian Church and broken her chains of slavery."

NEW JERSEY MUST LOOK TO HER LAURELS

The Outlook has repeatedly commented on the promptness of "Jersey justice." A good deal can be done in the courts of other States than New Jersey. It is being done.

The "Daily Star," of Norwich, New York, recounts the speeding up of a trial in that place. On January 30 Herbert Smith was alleged to have shot and killed Lewis Johnson. Smith was not arrested until February 19. On February 20 Judge Abraham L. Kellogg, of the Supreme Court, called Governor Miller over the telephone and asked for a special Grand Jury to consider the case. The request was granted. Under the New York State laws three weeks' notice had to be given (and very properly so) of the calling of a special Grand Jury as well as an extraordinary term

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of the Supreme Court. The Governor detailed Justice Kellogg to preside. The Grand Jury met on March 17. Smith was indicted on March 18. After indictment he was brought to trial at the earliest possible date. The work of securing a jury was accomplished within twenty-four hours. On March 31 the trial was directed to proceed. On April 5 Smith was convicted of murder in the first degree. Thus, only thirteen days elapsed from the date of his indictment to the day his trial was begun, and only eighteen days elapsed from the date of his indictment to the date of his conviction. New York State courts have, we believe, few, if any, parallels of a conviction secured, in a first-degree murder case, eighteen days after the indictment was returned.

By his quick action and speedy trial Justice Kellogg did much to correct "the law's delay," of which we often hear a good deal.

If such records are repeated, New Jersey may have to look well to her laurels.

SOMETHING OLD AND SOMETHING NEW

Nor a few letters have drifted into The Outlook's editorial rooms this past week of a similar tenor to the following:

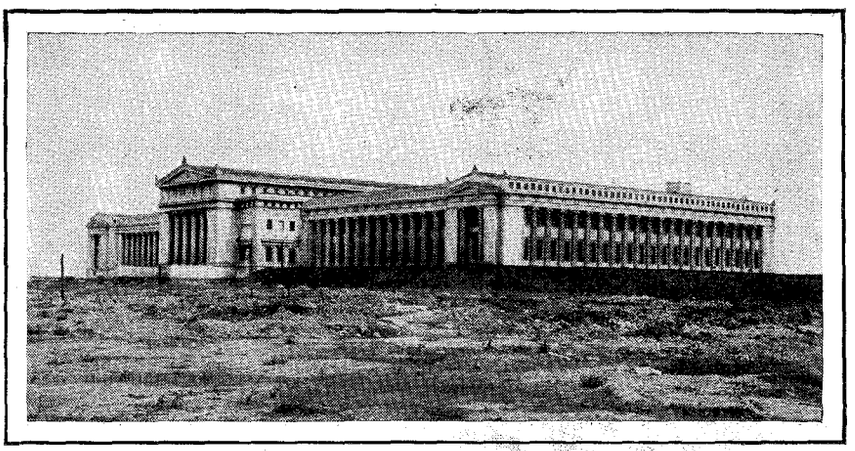
> How delightful was your article on "Accuracy," on page 52 of The Outlook of Wednesday, May 11, 1921. I enjoyed every word of it. . . . On page 48 of the same issue there is a picture of the new Field Museum in Chicago. The very last paragraph of the article describing this Museum says, "At present there is not only not a tree, but not even a blade of grass within a half-mile of the Museum." I distinctly see three trees, to say nothing of the one in the foreground, staring me in the face! And grass? *Et autourdes deux arbres sur l'autre côté du lac; si-non herbe, quoi donc?*

One correspondent bursts into verse to the following effect:

> I'd never seen a treeless tree,
> I'd never hoped to see one;
> But here we have grass and tree,
> Where we're told there be none.

The explanation of all this is to be found in the fact that these readers have strained at a tree and swallowed a Museum. The truth of the matter is that the wrong picture slipped into The Outlook's pages—the picture of the old Field Museum instead of the new one. As one Chicago Outlook reader (his name, we may add for the benefit of those who remember our editorial on accuracy, is Mr. Glen Buck) writes in quite pardonable satisfaction:

> We were always proud of the old building, for it is truly the most beautiful structure in America. But we are also proud of the new building—and if The Outlook is a sport, some day it will show its readers what our new building really looks like. I am attaching hereto a clipping showing the present Field Museum—for purposes of information and accuracy.



NEW FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, CHICAGO

For the benefit of Mr. Buck and others we present herewith a picture of the new Field Museum, properly labeled.

FEDERAL CONTROL OF EDUCATION AND HEALTH

A WOMAN reader of The Outlook, informing us that the women of the country are greatly interested in them, pro and con, asks our opinion of two bills now before Congress with which the name of the Hon. Horace M. Towner, Representative from Iowa, is closely associated. One is known as the Smith-Towner Bill and would create a Federal Department of Education, with a Secretary in the Cabinet and with certain appropriations of money from the Federal treasury to those States which appropriate suitable sums and maintain suitable standards in their public school systems. The second bill, introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. Towner last April, is known as the Sheppard-Towner Maternity Bill because Senator Sheppard is its sponsor in the Senate. Under it money would be appropriated from the Federal treasury to the several States maintaining standards set by the Federal Government for taking proper medical care of mothers in childbirth and of infants, and for the promotion of education in infant and maternal hygiene. There is still a third bill which our correspondent does not mention, but which is based upon the principle of Federal financial co-operation with the States that live up to certain standards prescribed by the Federal Government. We refer to the Snell Forestry Bill. The principle of Federal financial co-operation with the States underlies a law already enacted and in operation, that is to say, the Good Roads Bill. Thus we have four great measures, either enacted or about to be enacted, which provide for Federal direction or stimulation of State activities through the purse.

The advantages of this form of legislation are many. It would enable the central authority to formulate a broad and general plan in which the interests and welfare of various parts of the country are co-ordinated. It would establish high standards of universal excellence and application. It would foster National sentiment on questions of public welfare. It would enable prosperous and highly developed States to aid, through the Federal Treasury, less prosperous and more backward States. Since a chain can be no stronger than its weakest link, it is of vital interest to New York that the roads, timber, and children of every other State in the Union shall be conserved and well developed.

Of all these bills the most appealing to human sympathy and progressive social instincts is the Maternity Bill. It has been under consideration for two years. Statistics and experience show that the kind of maternal supervision provided in this bill might save annually the lives of some 23,000 mothers and nearly 250,000 infants less than a year old. According to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's bulletin more women between the ages of fifteen and forty-five years die from causes incidental to childbirth than from any other cause except tuberculosis.

The general policy of co-operation between the National Government and the State Governments in social welfare legislation is too firmly established to be attacked or changed on fundamental grounds; but there are three objections

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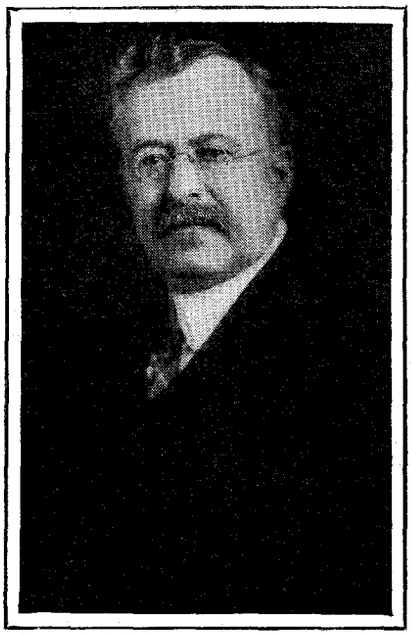

(C) Harris & Ewing
HORACE M. TOWNER

to the immediate passage of the Towner Education Bill, the Sheppard Maternity Bill, and the Snell Forestry Bill which ought to be carefully considered.

First, the danger that the pendulum may have swung too far in the National direction, and that individuals and organizations are too prone to turn to the power of the Federal Government to establish reforms rather than to the power of education within the States. The Outlook is temperamentally Nationalist and is not a believer in the sanctity of the philosophical doctrine of States' rights. But the American people ought not to become indifferent to the function and powers of the State Governments and shield their indifference by turning to the National Government in the frame of mind of one who says: "Oh, let George do it." The local processes of educational evolution are slow, and it is easy to get impatient with them, but, generally speaking, it is only by following these local processes that sure progress can be made in a democracy.

Second, the cost is to be considered. The people of this country are already bearing an almost intolerable burden of taxation. The country rightly could not count the cost of saving itself and civilization in the World War, but it has assumed debts in the performance of this duty that it must pay before it carelessly promises to spend other large sums of money. Under the Good Roads Bill the Federal Government is proposing to pay $100,000,000 a year for the next two years, and the Snell Forestry Bill would require the expenditure of say $2,000,000 from the National Treasury in 1921-1922, increasing to $8,000,000 at a future date. The Maternity Bill would require $1,480,000 expenditure by the National Government in 1921. No sane person would begrudge the expenditure of this last amount if there were positive assurance that this appropriation were the best way to save the lives of mothers and children now needlessly sacrificed. There enter into the question, however, the thought that the States can effect a more permanent reform in this matter by individual effort, and the fear that these bills may mark too long a step away from a vital principle of our Government. Certainly the expenditures required by these three bills taken together are a factor to be carefully considered by a people already taxed almost to the breaking point.

The third objection is one not of principle but of timeliness.

In a recent admirable address before the American Newspaper Publishers' Association Postmaster-General Hays outlined the plans of the Administration for a reorganization of the Cabinet Departments of the National Government. Among these plans are the change of the Department of the Interior to the Department of Public Works and "the concentration in that Department of all civil, public works of the Government as well as all those services which have to do with the administration and utilization of the public domain." At the same time there would be created a new department, with a Cabinet Secretary, called the Department of Public Welfare. "In this Department would be placed those bureaus which deal with health questions generally and with education and social welfare." This reorganization plan seems to us excellent and desirable, and we therefore think that Congress would do well to wait until the Administration has time to put this reorganization into effect before passing any far-reaching legislation on public education and public hygiene.

GERMANY PROMISES AGAIN

REJOICING over Germany's latest acquiescence in the terms presented to her by the Supreme Council of the Allies seems somewhat premature. There may be a world of difference between acquiescence in those terms and compliance with them. There is no evidence that Germany's word is any better than it ever was.

Midnight of May 12 was the hour set for the advance of Allied troops into the Ruhr and the occupation of Germany's chief industrial center in case the German Government failed to agree to the Allies' conditions. The Government then in power in Berlin could not, for political reasons, yield. The situation was much like that immediately preceding the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. As then, so now there was a change of Ministry and Germany nominally at least did what was demanded of her. After certain elements had had their chance to express defiance and welcome invasion rather than surrender, and after considerable political coquetry, Dr. Wirth, leader of the Centrists, formed a coalition Cabinet, composed of representatives of different parties so selected that no one party could be held responsible. Thereupon the new German Government announced itself as "fully resolved" to carry out "without reserve" the obligations and guaranties prescribed by the Reparations Commission, the measures of disarmament notified to Germany by the Allies, and the trial of war criminals and the other unfulfilled portions of the treaty.

When the word to this effect was announced in the British Parliament, it was greeted as a great triumph for Mr. Lloyd George, the British Prime Minister. No one grudges him or M. Briand, the French Premier, any credit for this result that is due them; but it is important that the free nations of the world should not be deceived as to the nature of what has happened. So far as actual deeds of reparation, disarmament, and performance of other acts of compliance with the Treaty are concerned, the situation now is precisely what it was before the twelfth of May. This is not to say that no progress has been made. In two respects at least there has been appreciable gain. In the first place, Germany obviously puts herself on record as appreciating rather more definitely than heretofore the fact that she did not win the war. That is some gain. It helps

(C) Keystone
DR. WIRTH, GERMANY'S NEW CHANCELLOR

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undoubtedly to fortify the victory for liberty and justice which is not even yet any too secure. In the second place, Germany has been made to realize that the United States, notwithstanding President Wilson's strange policy of attempting the double rôle of belligerent and mediator, is not neutral and cannot be depended upon to make it easy for Germany to escape the just consequences of her misdeeds. That too is a gain. It helps to remove one of the chief obstacles which France has encountered in securing safeguards for herself and for the rest of Europe.

These gains, however, are psychological, and what the world needs now is something tangible. Psychology alone will not rebuild ruined towns, restore to use inundated mines, set factories to running, re-establish commerce, or vindicate the public law of nations. Until Germany does what she has promised to do the burden which Germany's deeds have laid upon others than herself will continue to rest on her victims. That burden must be shifted from the shoulders that are unjustly bearing it, if destroyed towns are to be rebuilt, flooded mines rendered accessible, and commerce renewed.

Two years ago Germany promised to assume the burden that belongs to her. Now she promises to keep that promise. The nations do not crave any more promises from Germany. What they want is performance. They want her to disarm according to the Treaty. They want her to try her real war criminals. They want her to pay, not in promises, but in real wealth, reparation.

The Allies have worked out a plan by which Germany can pay. The amount of the debt, which is less than the amount of damage she inflicted, is set at something over $33,000,000,000.

Of course Germany cannot pay this at once. She has not the wealth available. She must therefore bond herself to pay it. On July 1 she must hand to the Reparation Commission three billion dollars' worth of bonds to bear interest from May 1, and on November 1 she must hand nine and one-half billion dollars' worth more.

These first two series of bonds must pay five per cent. In addition there must be paid over to the Reparation Commission a sum equivalent to twenty-six per cent of all German exports. The guaranties for the interest payments and for the additional charge calculated on the exports are to consist of the entire proceeds of the German maritime and land customs, of taxes, or of any other available public revenues.

The bonds are to be distributed among the Allies, which can sell them to private individuals or retain them in their treasuries. The bonds, it is expected, will be amortized in thirty-seven years from the day of issue.

The administration of this plan is intrusted to an international Committee on Guaranties. This is not unprecedented. In 1881 the Turkish Government, which could not meet its liabilities, was placed in the hands of an international debt commission, which received and distributed to bondholders certain proportion of the moneys derived from the Turkish excise duties and other funds. On a very much smaller scale the American Government has acted as a sort of debt commission for Santo Domingo, meeting the demands of Santo Domingo's creditors from funds derived from Dominican customs. This is the plan. The world will feel easier when it begins to work.

As an initial settlement, Germany has agreed to pay on June 1 about a quarter of a billion dollars.

If Germany should fail to keep her promises, Allied forces will occupy German territory. It is therefore necessary for France and the other Allies to continue to mount guard. The French, who with reason have little faith in any German promise, regard their proposed occupancy of the Ruhr District as merely postponed. It is certain that the only assurance the world has rests upon the clear-headed and undismayed French.

EVA LE GALLIENNE AS "JULIE" AND HORTENSE ALDEN AS "MARIE." IT IS JULIE WHO FALLS VICTIM TO THE STRANGE LURE OF "LILIOM," THE TITLE CHARACTER IN FRANZ MOLNAR'S PLAY AT THE GARRICK THEATER, NEW YORK CITY

LILIOM

THE Theater Guild has placed the theater-goers of the metropolis under a heavy debt this past winter, for it has produced a series of notable plays adequately staged and more than adequately acted. The Guild is a group of professional actors, producers, artists, and executives who have banded together for the production of good plays. The Guild is self-supporting and looks to no philanthropist for sustenance. It is a healthy organization, which justifiably lays claim to high dramatic ideals, but which, thank Heaven, lays no claim to a monopoly of artistic ambitions; wherein it shows in brilliant contrast to some of the small groups who are now attempting to "uplift" the stage.

The latest performance of the Guild is an extraordinary Hungarian play called "Liliom." It is the story of a barker at a merry-go-round, a perfectly useless bully with "a way with him" which

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does not desert his spirit even when confronted by the judgment of Heaven itself.

The story of "Liliom" is not an easy one to tell. Perhaps it is best to refer the reader who is not fortunate enough to have a chance to see this play to the printed edition published by Boni & Liveright. Briefly, however, the prologue shows a street fair, one of the most extraordinarily well-directed scenes of this kind which has been staged in a long time. Liliom, captivator of the hearts of servant girls, is there, in front of the merry-go-round in all the glory of his striped sweater and his blustering youth. Gypsies, soldiers, peasants, townspeople, a vender of balloons, and a strong man all contribute to a colorful hubbub which gives a most effective background for the play which is to follow.

The play tells the story of Liliom's conquest of the heart of a servant girl and of her strange and unacknowledged conquest of his own callous heart. For her he deserts his merry-go-round and side-show and its gypsy owner. He starves her, beats her; he is ashamed of nothing except of acknowledging the hold which she has upon him. When he learns that she is to be a mother, he consents to a murder in order that he may take her and his child in comfort to America—and murder is a crime which is not a natural one for his brutal yet cowardly nature.

But the murder is not to be. He is trapped by the police and commits suicide. Haled before a fantastic court in an unbelievable heaven, his spirit refuses to acknowledge his crimes, and he is sentenced to fifteen years in purgatory, the gate of which he enters jauntily puffing a cigarette which he has borrowed from an attendant of the celestial court.

At the end of fifteen years he is permitted to return to earth in order that he may perform some deed which will wipe out the record of his past. He finds his wife and daughter in a humble cottage. Try as he will to express his longing for their happiness, he succeeds only in quarreling with his wife and striking his daughter. He is taken back to the celestial court by two policemen of the beyond, to what fate the spectator is left uninformed, except by the fact that the bewildered child tells her mother that the harsh blow that she has received did not hurt, but felt strangely like a kiss!

Surely, the play is as unusual as much which has come from the pen of Sir James Barrie, though it is fantastic and bizarre where Barrie is humorous and whimsical. Its exotic flavor has not been lost in translation from the original of its Hungarian author, Franz Molnar.

A DAY OFF

"THERE is nothing that clears the cobwebs so effectually out of one's brain as a day off," the Young-Old Philosopher was saying. "Just as we plan our work, we should plan our play; only, most of us, in the clamor of the times, forget that to loaf occasionally is as necessary as to drudge; and we confuse leisure with laziness.

"I know in my own case how difficult it is for me to make up my mind, definitely and unbendingly, that I require, now and then, a morning away from my desk; that it is as essential as the turning out of decent copy. Spiritual baths we crave and need; baptisms in the elemental things—in the wind and rain on a day dripping with sunlight.

"Once when I was in a beautiful country place, I remember how I planned all one summer that I would rise with the lark some morning and see the miracle of the sunrise. Living as I do in a crowded city, I have no time and no inclination—and, tragically enough, no facilities—for a glimpse of the sun coming up at dawn; for the sky-scrapers would hide his face for hours, and I am not in a high window where I could view his bright countenance. But though I said that I would certainly give myself the tonic experience of witnessing Old Sol's brilliant début, I never did it. I slept each morning until seven o'clock or so, always pretending that to-morrow surely would be the day of days, and that nothing would deter me then. And so the weeks drifted on, and autumn came—too soon, alas!—and I was driven back to town without once indulging in the luxury of looking upon such wonder. Why is it that we thus delude and fool and cheat ourselves, fail to take advantage of such pleasing and exhilarating experiences?

"Another time I visited a lake in the northern part of New York, and, struck by the beauty of the summer foliage that adorned the trees down to the water's very edge, I said to a friend, 'This must be glorious in October. Let us come together then and see it.' And we made a solemn compact; it remains unkept to this day, and nine years have hurried by. There was no good reason why we should not have made the pilgrimage; but we just didn't. Fools, you say? Certainly. I admit it. And seldom am I more ashamed than when I break my word with myself. A friend forgives one; we do not find it easy to forgive ourselves, to erase those personal debts which we pile up with our own inner spirits.

"So the day off that means so much to us, mentally and physically, why are we afraid to take it when the opportunity arrives? I like nothing better than to see, in the big town, a group of middle-aged men hastening out in a motor on some crisp morning, their golf-sticks piled beside them, while others trudge to dreary tasks. They have earned their liberty, no doubt—let us hope so, at any rate; and they will be all the better to-morrow for those few hours of delightful sport and health-giving freedom.

"Too soon the curtain is rung down on this glowing world we live in; and it is heartbreaking to consider how many spots there are close at our gates which we never find the time to see and enjoy. Partly it is our own fault. The green earth cries out to us to come and tread the corridors of the countryside; instead, we cling to the granite of the city, and pace desolate hallways—the more desolate because they are crowded with people we do not know. And all of them are hurrying—where?

"I wonder. And so, no doubt, do they."

THE RAILWAY AS PHOTOGRAPHER

NOWADAYS the railway man does something more than oil and repair locomotives, run trains, keep roadbeds in repair, and prepare time-tables. He also takes photographs.

This is because the modern railway man has come to a broad understanding of his function. He is not merely a transmogrified bus driver. He is a merchant. He sells transportation, as a piano dealer sells pianos, and he desires to make his product attractive. The beautiful casing of a piano does not add to its musical qualities, but it makes the prospective purchaser pleased with it in advance and contented with it after he purchases it. A photograph does not transport a passenger or make his journey safe, but it pleases the prospective traveler and adds an element to his journey which makes it more valuable to him both in anticipation and in memory.

But the railway man is even more than a merchant. He is as truly as an officer of the Government a social servant. Civilization is a product of travel. Whoever not only promotes travel but helps to give it significance is a leader in civilization. And this is what the railway man does.

It is in this capacity, not merely as a merchandiser of motion, but as an enlarger of the environment of men and teacher of what travel has to offer to men's minds and souls, that the railway man employs the camera.

Thus it happens that when The Outlook wished to give to its readers a graphic survey in brief of many parts of America it turned to the great railway lines and there found the pictures reproduced on the following pages.

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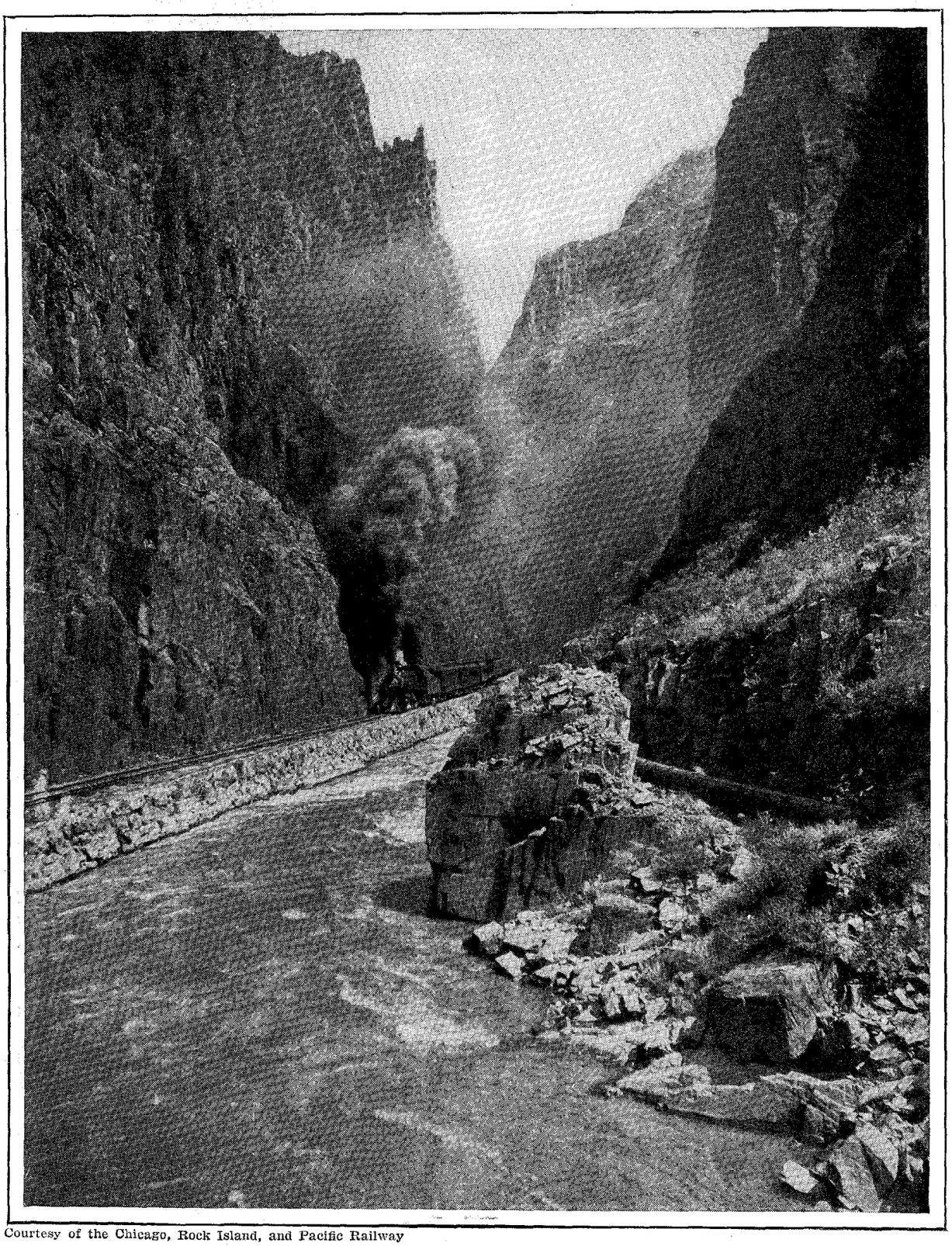
PLAYGROUNDS OF AMERICA

"That's the scene that I would see!"—*Shakespeare*



Courtesy of the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railway

THE ROYAL GORGE, GRAND CANYON OF THE ARKANSAS, COLORADO

This is declared to be "the most remarkable chasm in the world through which a railroad passes." The height of the walls above the tracks of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad is over 2,500 feet. Trains of open sightseeing cars annually carry thousands of visitors through this wonderful chasm

A CLEFT IN THE ROCKIES

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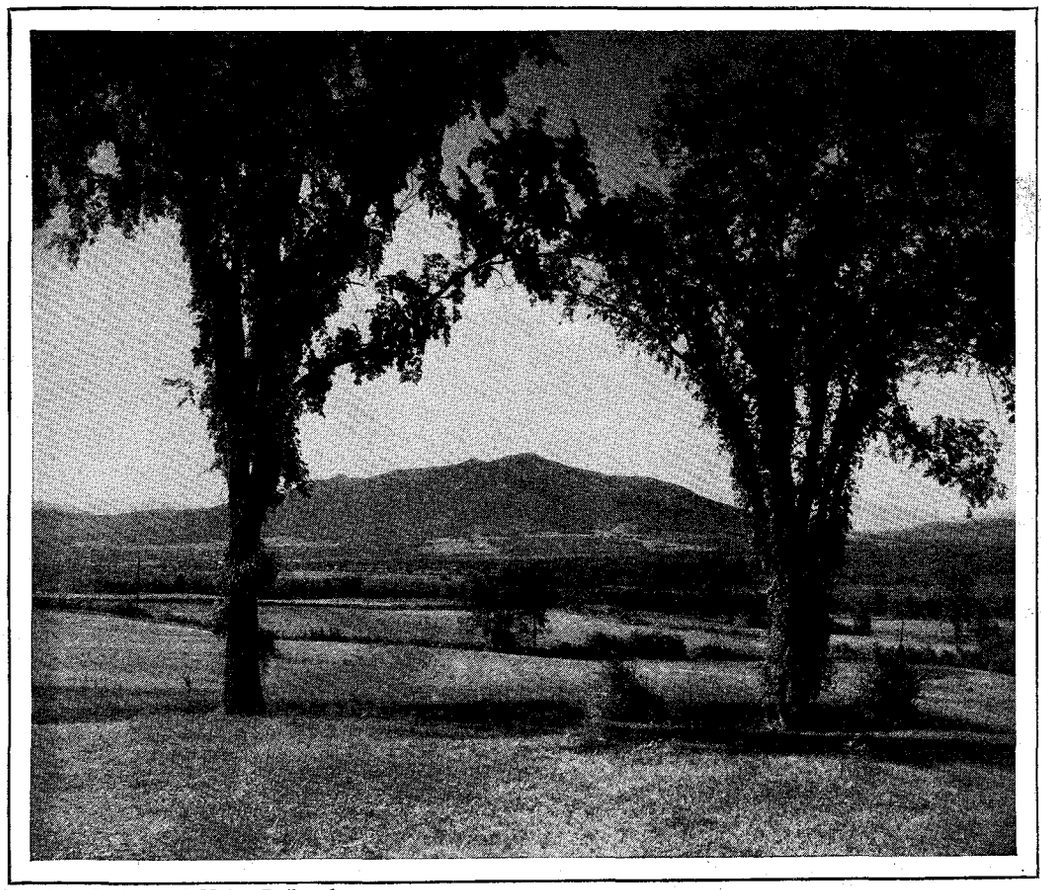
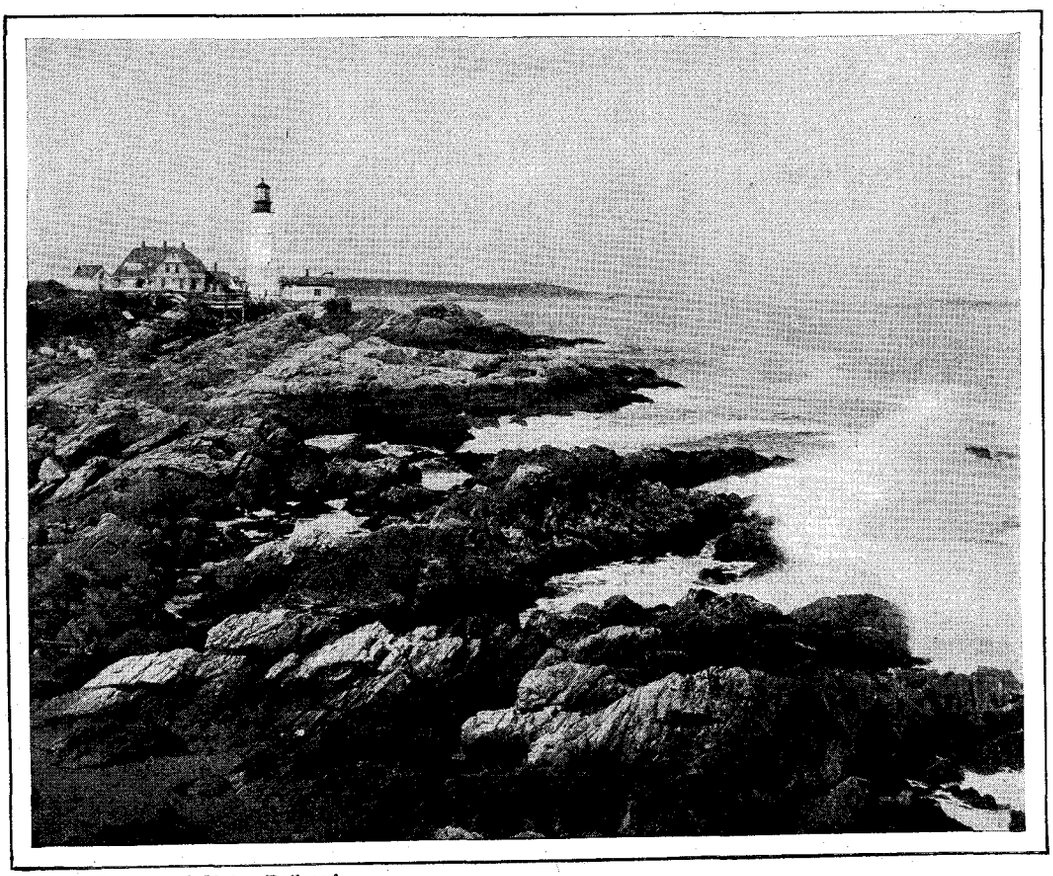


Courtesy Boston and Maine Railroad

CHERRY MOUNTAIN FROM JEFFERSON, NEW HAMPSHIRE



Courtesy Boston and Maine Railroad

PORTLAND HEAD, MAINE

NEW ENGLAND'S ROCK-BOUND COAST AND THE PLEASANT LAND THAT LIES BEHIND

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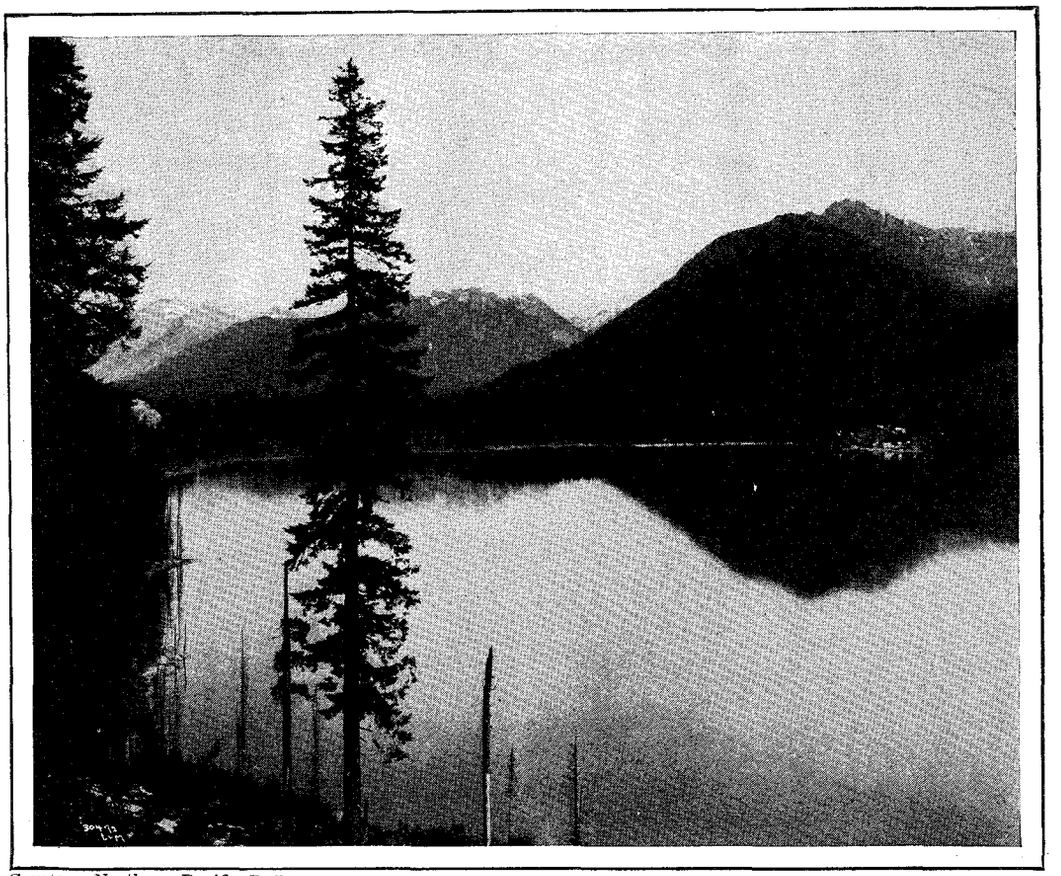
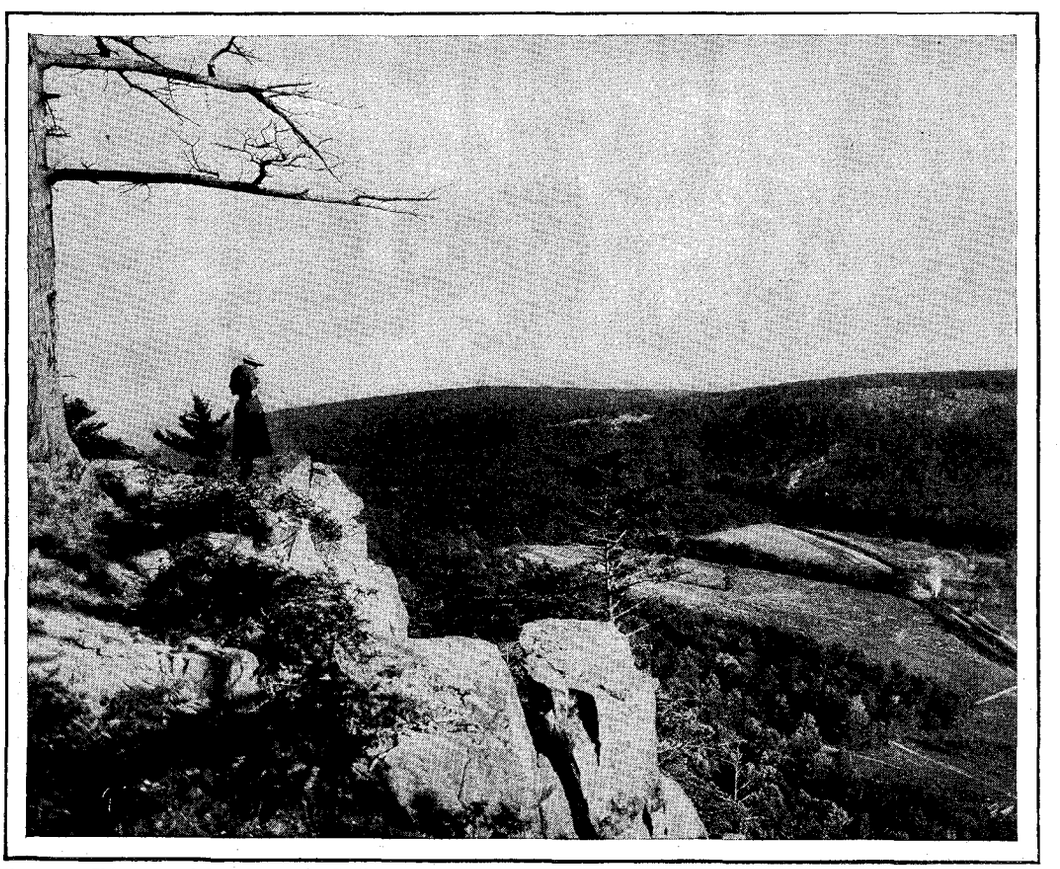


Courtesy Northern Pacific Railway

LAKE KEECHELUS, WASHINGTON, IN THE CASCADE RANGE



Courtesy Chicago and Northwestern Railway

LOOKOUT CLIFF, DEVIL'S LAKE REGION, WISCONSIN

EXTREMES OF THE NORTHWEST, MOUNTAIN AND LAKE

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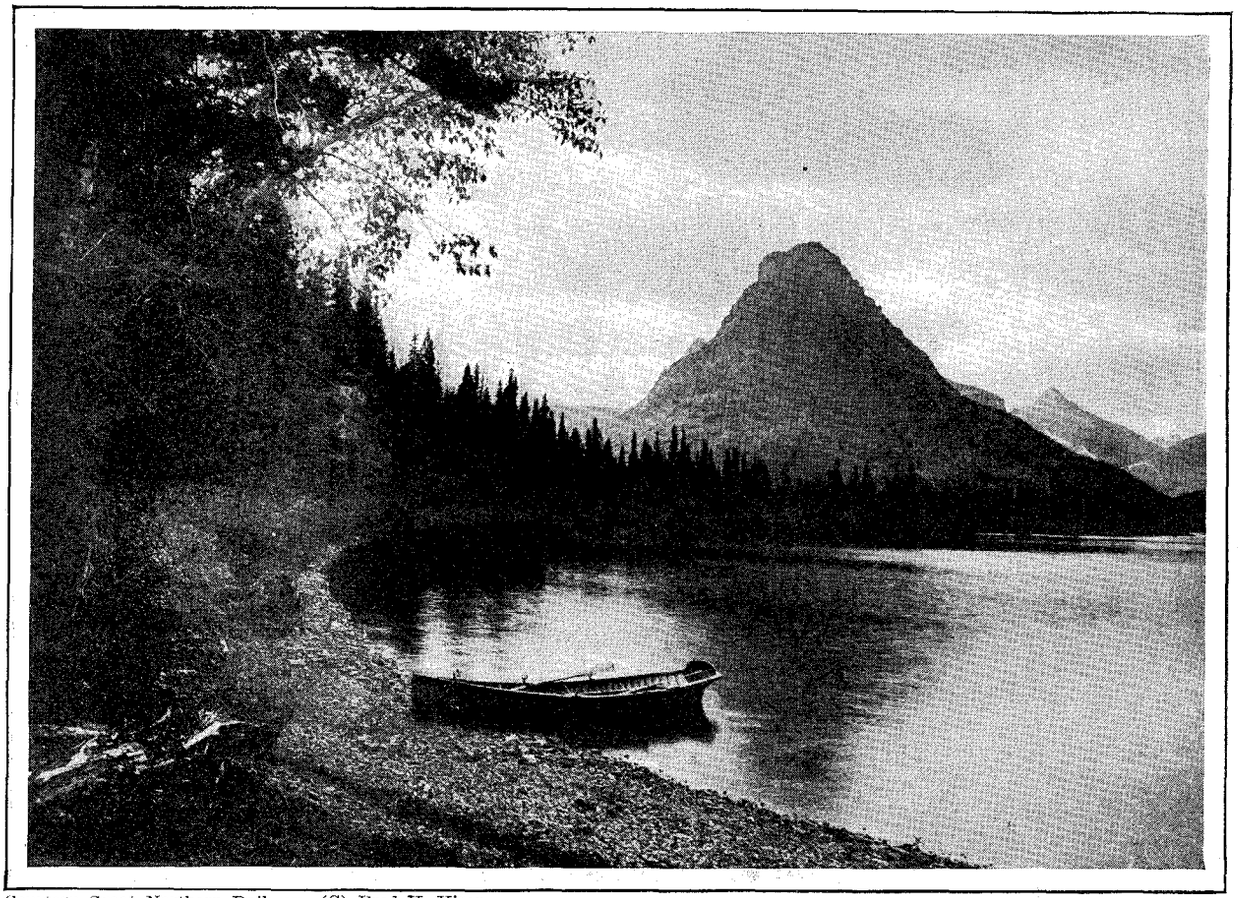
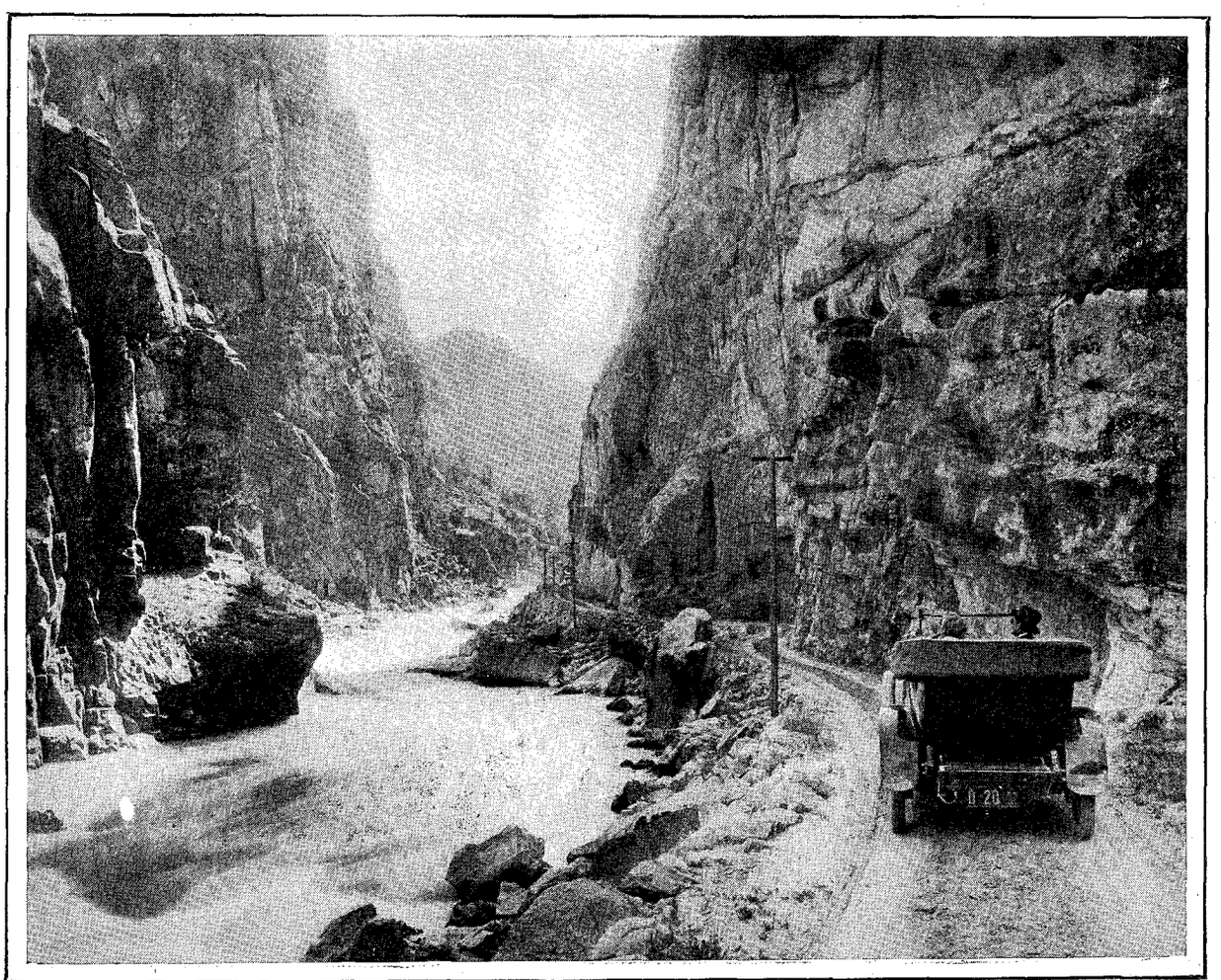


Courtesy Great Northern Railway (C) Fred H. Kiser

SUNSET ON TWO MEDICINE LAKE, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK



Courtesy Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad (C) Haynes, St. Paul

CANYON OF THE SHOSHONE RIVER, CODY ROAD NEAR YELLOWSTONE PARK

OUR NATIONAL PARKS—AN APPROACH AND A VIEW WITHIN THE GATES

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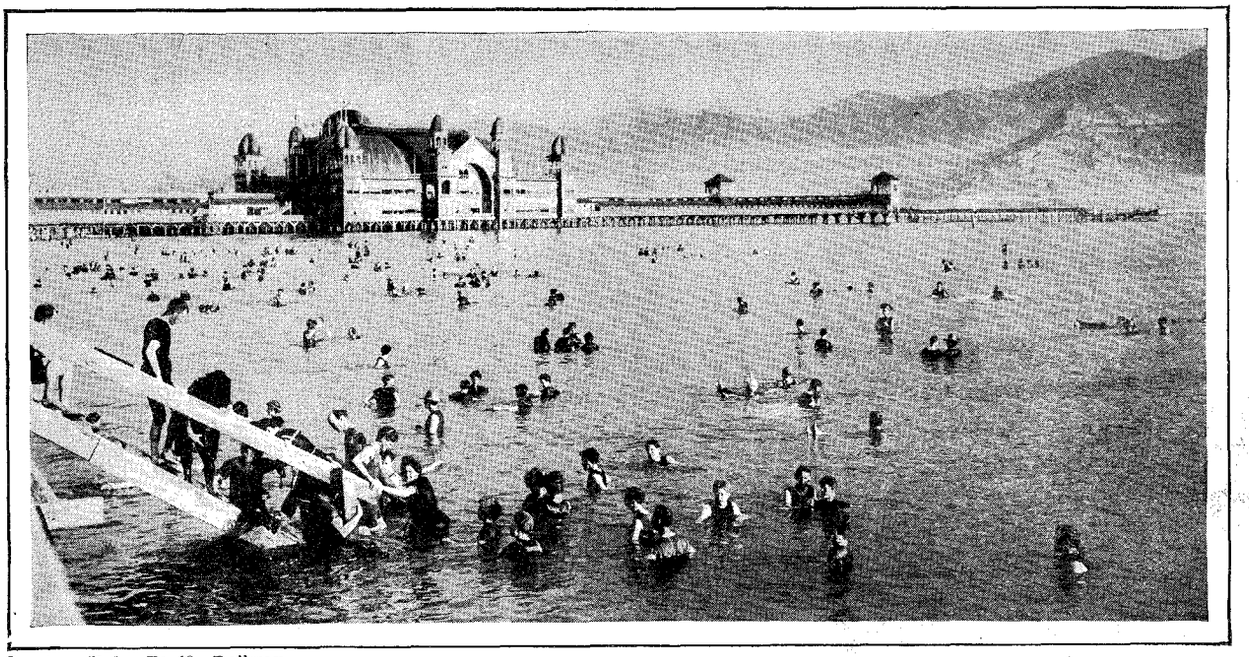
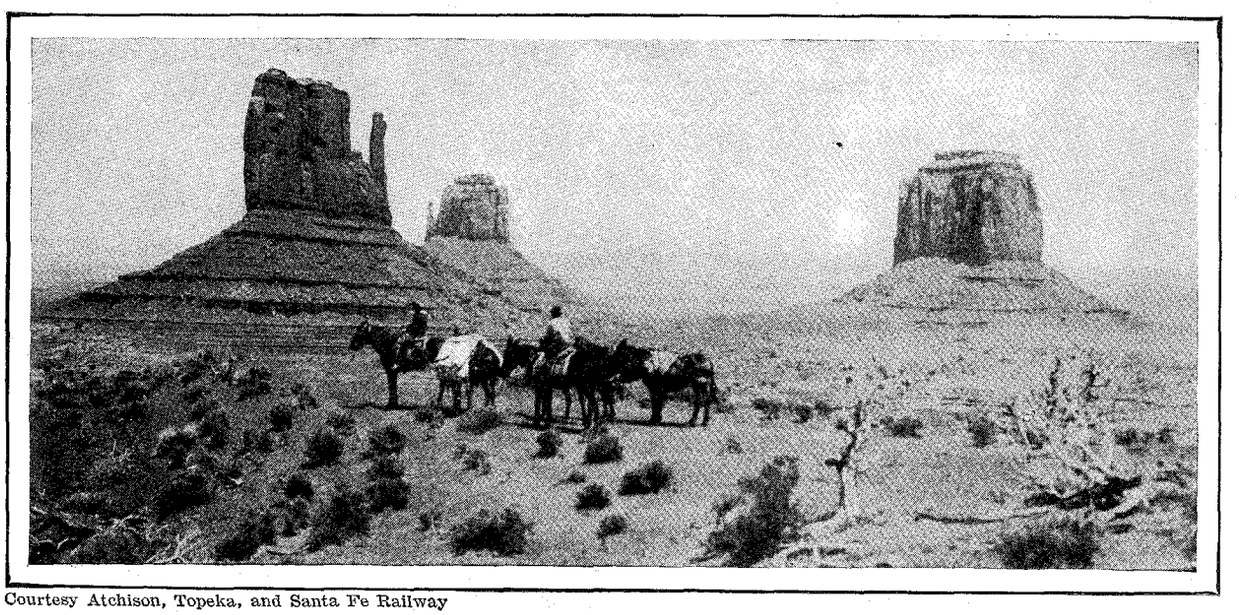


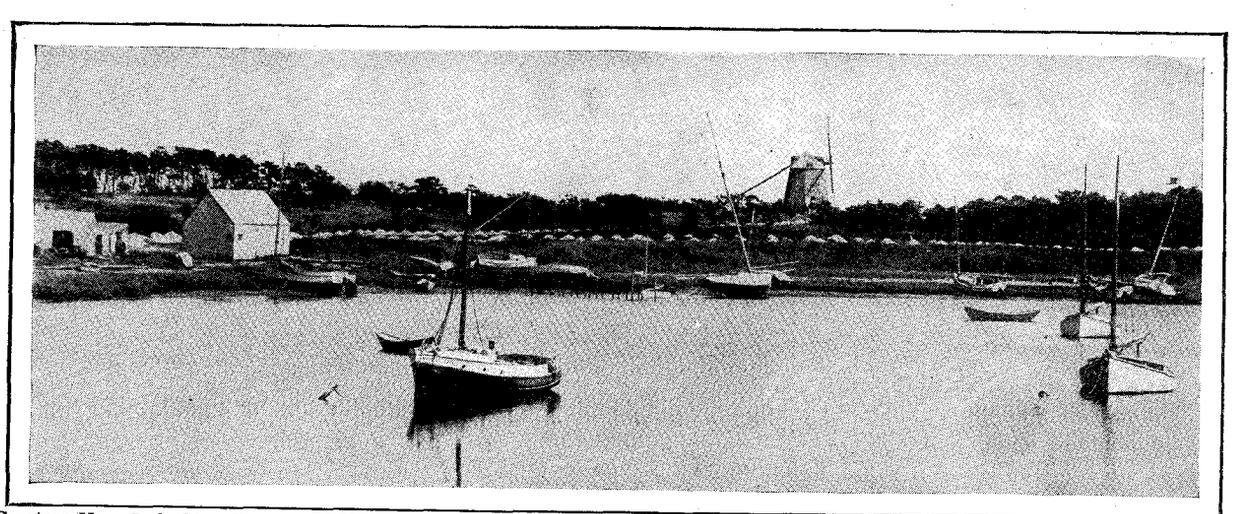
Courtesy Union Pacific Railway

BATHING AT SALTAIR, GREAT SALT LAKE, NEAR SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



Courtesy Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway

MONUMENT VALLEY, NAVAHO RESERVATION, NORTHERN ARIZONA



Courtesy New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad

HARWICHPORT, MASSACHUSETTS

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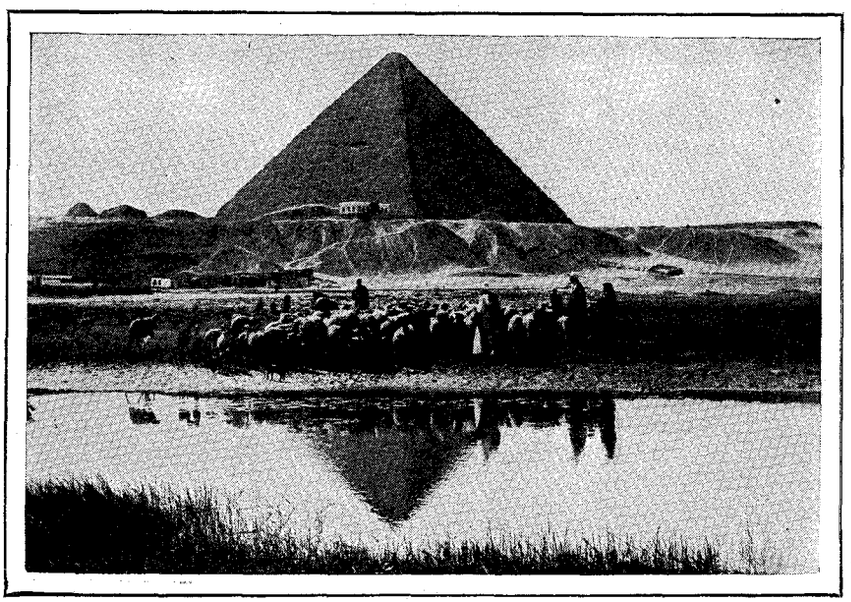
ON THE ART OF TAKING A VACATION

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK



"THE CUBIC FEET OF STONE IN THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS"

IT is not given to every man to be able to take a vacation even if he tries. As with all other things, there are those who can do it and those who can't. One man spends in vain a thousand dollars and travels in vain a thousand miles in the attempt to encompass a vacation. Another man can put on an old pair of trousers and a battered felt hat and retire to his back yard with a hoe, and, lo! in five minutes the outer world is blotted out, the sounds of the street are hushed, and his mind is as far away as if he were among the Hanging Gardens of Babylon or the Enchanted Islands of the South Seas.

There is an art in it. Either one can do it or one cannot; and in this work-broken world most of us have long since lost the key. When we try to take a holiday, we go so busily about it that we merely substitute one kind of work for another.

Every one recalls the story of the sexton in one of Dickens's books who took a day's holiday after continuous grave-digging for twenty years. He walked over a hill to the next cemetery and spent his day watching the sexton there dig graves. We are all a little bit like that. We carry our grave-digging around with us. Do but observe anywhere the tourist starting on his vacation and you will see at once that he still carries his burden on his back.

A stock-broker has no sooner started on his European holiday than he gets up an auction pool on board a steamship which he makes quite as complicated and as interesting as the Stock Exchange itself.

The liberated housewife, when you set her down in the Pitti Palace at Florence, finds a quiet corner, gets out her knitting and two pairs of children's socks, and straightway feels at home. Near by is her husband, a college professor. They gave him a year of Sabbatical leave of absence to ease his mind from the strain of his lectures. Watch him. He is lecturing to the doorkeeper and a nursemaid on mediæval Florence. Or behold in the galleries of the Louvre a stout gentleman with a pencil in his hand, ticking off names on a printed list. He is an auctioneer from Kansas City, and he is saying to himself (in his mind at any rate), "Lot No. 1, very fine painting by Van Dook, the great Dutch artist. Come, gentlemen! the frame alone is worth the price, what do I hear?" I remember one day in Paris observing a man in rusty black habiliments who was saying to a French policeman, "Can you tell me, sir, where Napoleon is buried?" I knew at once that the man was an undertaker.

When I see a member of a State Legislature making speeches in a *pension*, or a contractor figuring out with a pencil the cubic feet of stone in the pyramid of Cheops, or a banker explaining on a Dover-Calais ferryboat the relation of the French franc to the British sovereign, then I know that the nemesis of our working civilization is upon them. They have worked so much that they cannot stop.

Most pathetic of all is the case of those whom a deceitful good fortune has allured into retiring and for whom the close of life is one long and melancholy vacation—a discount, as it were, upon eternity. These haunt like ghosts the scenes of their former activities, if not in body at least in mind. I knew once upon a time a retired banker, a shadowy, mournful-looking man of fifty on whom false fortune had smiled. He lived for the most part on the Riviera and spent his time looking out over the Mediterranean and talking about how he founded the Bankers' Association of South Dakota. When he got well into his topic and described the operations of the Association, its members, and the extraordinary interest of its annual convention, his mind was so absorbed that the blue Mediterranean and the palm trees and the white cliffs above the beach were all blotted out and he was back again in a sunless room in a side street in some mean town of South Dakota—happy. When his talk ceased,

Photograph by H. H. Moore, of the Outlook staff

". . . ABLE, BY SEATING HIMSELF WITH STOCKINGED FEET ON THE RADIATOR AND OPENING A PAPER-BOUND VOLUME OF CLARK RUSSELL, TO TRANSPORT HIMSELF BODILY TO THE STORMS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"

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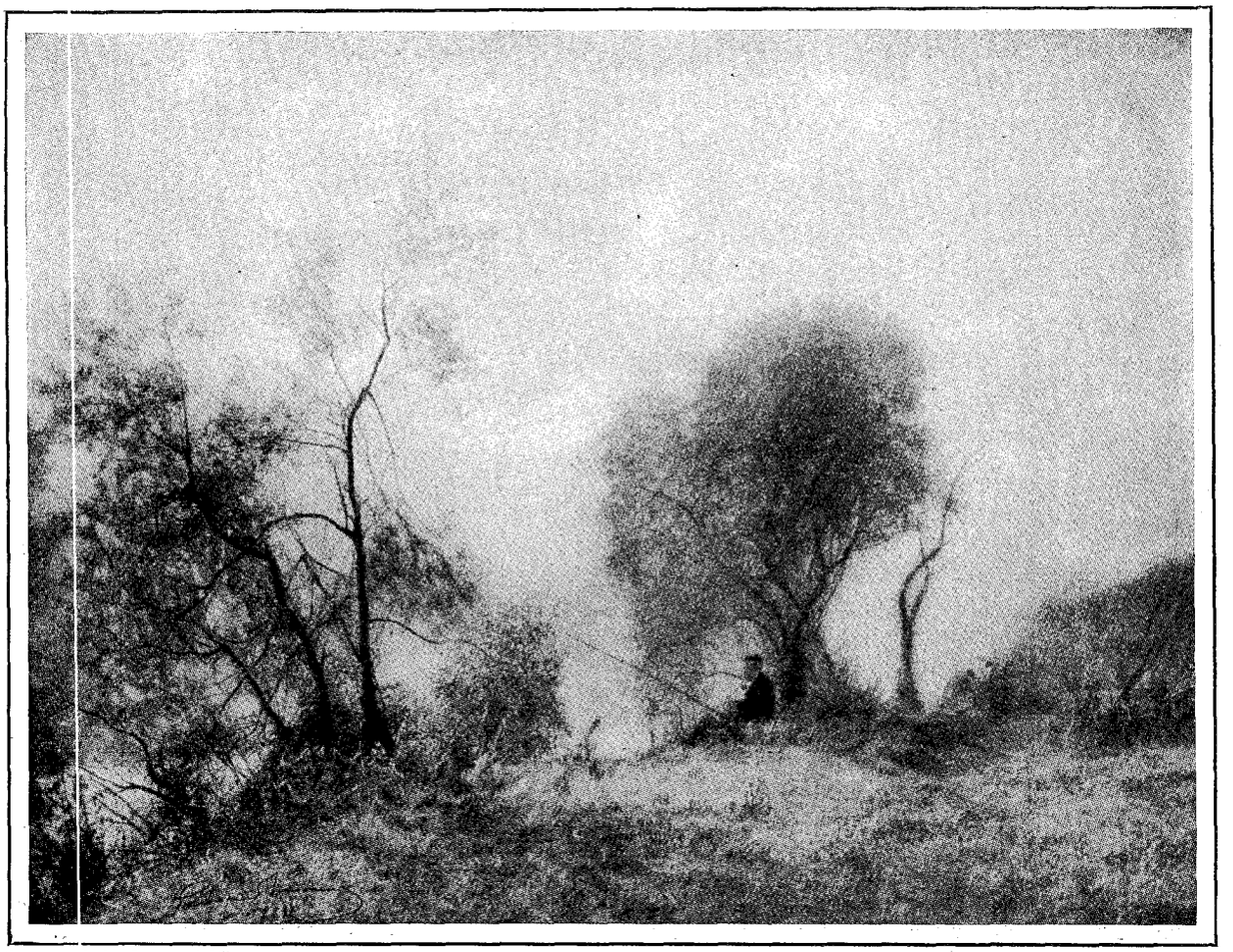

Photograph by Leonard Misonne

"THE SUPREME VACATION MAN IS FOUND IN THE TRAMP. HE IS A REVERSION TO TYPE OF THAT FAR-AWAY FORGOTTEN PERIOD WHEN MAN DID NOT HAVE TO WORK"

he came to himself again and looked about him at his sunlit prison of blue and green with a sigh.

At times, more cruel still, the retirement and the vacation is forced. All over this continent one sees the melancholy spectacle of college professors being brutally forced by well-meaning trustees into pensioned retirement. Forced they literally are. In vain they cling to their classroom benches. They are lifted out and set down outside in the campus, blinking in the sun and looking aimlessly at their pension checks. Before Mr. Carnegie's well-intentioned philanthropy, professors worked till they died. Now they stop working and cannot die.

In all these cases, I repeat, one sees the impossibility of the trained, industrious mind abandoning its evoluted activity. In vain it announces itself vacant. It cannot be vacant if it tries. It puts up a sign, "Top Story to Let for Two Months," and hopes that there may enter in a new set of tenants in the form of Scenery or Foreign Culture or, shyest and strangest of all, the quiet tenant called Rest. The thing is not to be. The old tenants have not moved out. The imps of industry who have lived upon the premises these forty years are there still. Forty years ago they entered in; it was at the time when, under the rigorous discipline of the thing called School, the dreaming spirit of the idle boy was chased out of its proper habitation; and now they will not leave; the dreams can never come back.

But contrast with all these those rare beings for whom the dreaming spirit that is the soul of the true vacation has not been cast out. Of such a sort is the man of whom I spoke who has but to step out to his back garden and kneel down beside a ten-foot tulip bed to be transported out of his daily existence. Such people have by temperament the vacational mind. Give them but an afternoon in the sunshine or a rainy day indoors and they will slip out of the prison in which we live so noiselessly that you will not hear the key turn in the lock. That matchless artist O. Henry, whose own mind was of just this temperament, tells us somewhere of such a one: a humble clerk inhabiting a hall bedroom in New York, but able, by seating himself with stockinged feet on the radiator and opening a paper-bound novel of Clark Russell, to transport himself bodily to the storms of the South Pacific.

I suppose that the supreme example of the vacation man—I mean the real thing at its acme—is found in that misunderstood person called the tramp. In him the idea is so highly developed as to exclude almost all others. He will sit on the shady side of a blossoming hedge and watch the clouds go by; and he will not turn his leisure into work, as you or I would, by naming and classifying the blossoms in the hedge, or by distinguishing the *cumulus* clouds from the *cirro-stratus*. Indeed, so perfect is his adjustment that the mere idea would make him tired.

Society has misjudged the tramp. It has confused him with the criminal. Never was a greater difference. The tramp may be compelled by the *force majeure* of hunger most reluctantly to steal a chicken—a thing requiring effort and contrivance and something suspiciously akin to work. But the true criminal is a busy, planful, contriving person, not absolutely different from what is called a captain of industry. Robbing a bank by night and running a bank by day are both operations that require thought. The tramp could encompass neither of them.

The tramp is in reality a survival. Evolution has passed him by. He is a reversion to the type of that far-away, forgotten period when man did not have to work; when, countless centuries ago, somewhere in the paradise of Mesopotamia perhaps, man, half-humanized animal, existed on the bounty of nature or died for want of it, but never worked. Of such days of a "lost paradise" our literature still bears the dim remem-

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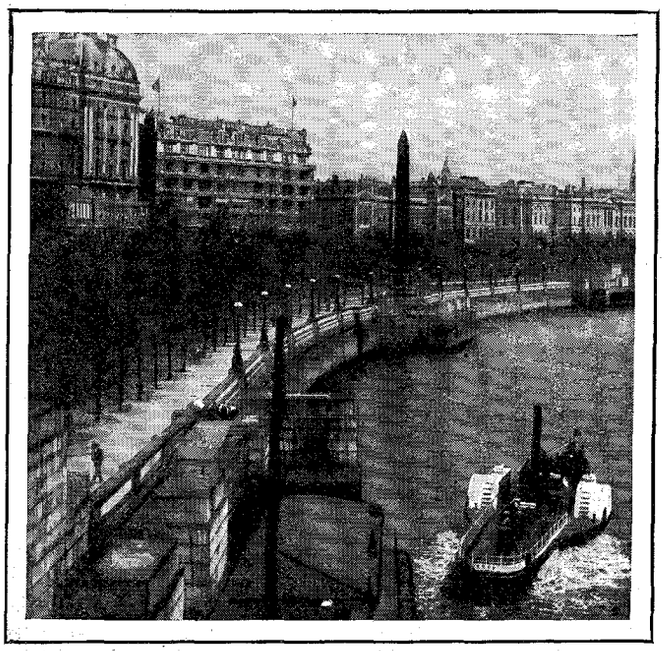


"GO AND EAT A BUN ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT"

brance. And the Adam of that Garden of Eden was the tramp; once the type figure, now the despised survival sitting under his hedge.

The rest of us centuries and centuries ago learned to work. It was "evoluted" into us as an aptitude. We *work*—that is to say, we perform all sorts of routine, uninteresting tasks devoid of sense or meaning so far as our own particular faculties go. One man lifts dirt on a shovel, another spreads ink on paper, a third carries food to a pig. And we have become so fashioned and habituated to it that we work as the ducks swim and as the birds fly. But, alas! when we wish to cease the work and announce ourselves to be on vacation, then the secret of it is gone forever. Our paradise is indeed lost.

If I had time to start a great National movement (I am a little too busy for it just now), it should be in favor of the resumption of primitive idleness. I should found a Garden of Eden Society in which—but, no, what would be the use? We are all so badly damaged with work and industry that it would fail at once. A biologist would break in and classify the animals, some one would introduce wire-fencing, some one else would begin improving the trees, and in less than no time there would be motor roads all through the garden and "rest houses," save the mark! with music after midnight. And for myself, the founder of it, no recourse but to go and talk with the serpent in his tree about the futility of it all.

But if that movement is impossible, I will start a humbler and more feasible one—a movement for the renovation of vacations. It would be after this fashion. You, sir or madam, who are about to start upon your European vacation, do not turn it into work. Do not exert your brain with railway folders and steamship guides. That is work. Avoid it. Do not buy and study the map of London; you cannot understand it, anyway, and it is work. Never mind about the Tower of London or which is the Tomb of Edward the Confessor in the Abbey. These things are dangerous. They will do you harm. Go and eat a bun on the Thames Embankment, and if you do not know in which direction the river is running, forbear to ask. When you go to Paris, do not brush up your French; you learned it in the Central High School, and it is really not worth brushing; it will only show the seams in it. If you must talk, hire a Frenchman to talk English, or, better still, why not keep silent for a week or two? You have talked so much these forty years, and silence is twin-sister to rest.

You will not take this advice. But if you did, you would come back from your vacation with that beautiful emptiness of mind, that charming Old World ignorance, so rarely seen to-day. In short, you would be voted by all your friends to be almost a vacuum. Can you do it?

THE CORK-BODIED BLACK-BASS BUG

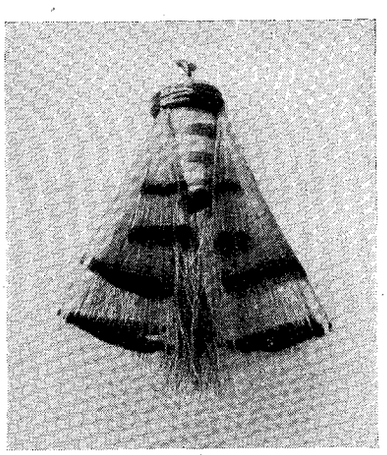
BY WILL H. DILG

FIVE years ago it was unknown. To-day it has conquered the angling world and is being used in every country where artistic fishing is practiced.

As a fishing lure the floating cork-bodied bass bug can perish only when rivers and lakes run dry. Just as long as water contains game fish, just so long will "floaters" be used. The floaters are not only bass lures, but when tied in trout sizes have proved successful with trout. I have a letter from an Eastern angler who writes, "I have just taken a four and one-half pound trout on a Zane Grey."

The invention of the floating bug equals in importance that of the English dry fly. What the dry fly means to trout fishing the floater means to black-bass fishing. Both have proved to be creators of ideals, and ideals mean higher ethics in sports.

Before the invention of the floating bass bug the trout fisherman rather



VISCOUNT GREY

looked down from lofty heights at the humble bass fisherman below. He can do it no longer. The proper use of floaters requires all of the art daintiness and skill that the dry fly involves.

A black bass taken on a fly or a floater is worth six taken where one must send his lure down to the fish to hook it. There is art and skill expressed in making a fish come to the top. When a fish strikes at a floater, it frequently sounds like the crack of a pistol—the water is fairly torn into a foam!

Floaters are used to the best advantage in streams, but are also effective in lakes, particularly late in the evening, and at the inlet of small streams.

The first floating bass bug was tied by Mr. Louis B. Adams. Mr. B. F. Wilder, of the Butterick Company of New York, found Mr. Adams using these bugs on the Belgrade Lakes in Maine. Mr. Wilder greatly improved them. In the winter of 1915 I met him at Long Key, Florida, and he told me of this wonderful lure, tied a few, and sent them to me with his compliments. The Wilder bug has a cork body and feather wings. It has no tail. I tried out these bugs on the upper Mississippi and had

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BUGS ARE GOOD FOR TROUT, TOO

Once upon a time an editor of The Outlook took some bugs (trout size) into the Maine woods. When his fellow-anglers saw what the trout and landlocked salmon did to the bugs, the wires between the nearest telegraph office and various tackle stores had a sudden rush of business to the head. The only connection between this caption and the above illustration lies in the fact that the stream in the picture may contain trout

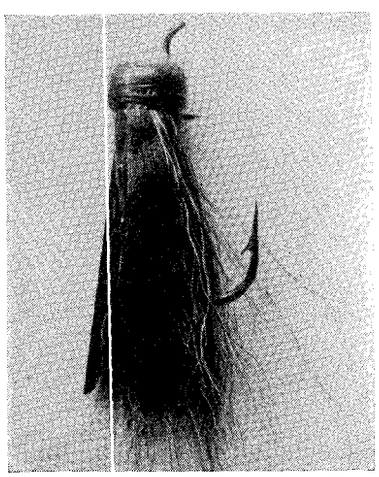
some wonderful fishing. One evening on a Wilder bug I took seven small-mouth bass of an average weight of four pounds. These fish were caught in a small slough where the current raced at a six or seven mile clip.

Then I, in turn, tried to improve the bug and added the bucktail and hair. I also added the tail. These are undoubtedly big improvements. It is hard to believe that anything will ever be invented which gives the angler more sensations than these floating bugs. The strike is so spectacular that beginners suffer from a sort of buck fever and forget to set the hook.

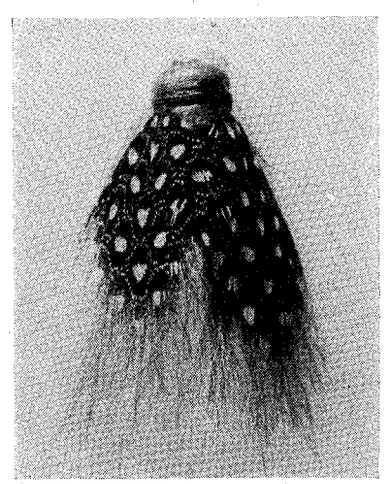
From the very beginning "the floating bass bugs almost instantly became immensely popular throughout the United States and Canada," says Larry St. John, editor of "Woods and Waters," in the Chicago "Tribune." To-day there are six or seven manufacturers producing the bugs, and one of these employs forty-two girls and tells me he is a hundred thousand bugs behind on orders.

Floaters will be tried out in England this spring, and no doubt they will give our English cousins a new fishing sensation. Last year I sent some floaters tied in trout sizes to Viscount Grey, of Falloden. He writes me as follows: "I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter and for the flies sent. My own sight is now too bad for me to be able to fish with floating flies at all, though I can still fish for salmon with wet flies where it is not necessary to see rises. But I will get some opportunity next season of having the flies you have sent me tried. They are absolutely unlike anything which is at present used in floating-fly fishing in England, and it would be interesting to see whether their novelty attracts or alarms the fish." The Viscount is the author of "Fly Fishing," the most wonderful book on fishing since Izaak Walton.

Mr. B. F. Wilder in a letter gives the proper handling of the floaters for lake fishing. "Drop a live fly into a bucket of water and watch closely. The fly



DILG'S GEM



ZANE GREY

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doesn't go skipping across the surface as soon as it lands, nor does it lie perfectly quiet; it is still for a few seconds, then tries to swim. But its efforts don't advance it much; instead they merely advertise its presence. Now if a big bass floated close by it—a bass who wanted a few flies to 'top off' with—how long do you think that fly would last?" Continuing, Mr. Wilder says: "If a fly looks right, the bass will notice it; and if it acts right, he will take it. And so, while not denying that some strikes may be prompted by other motives, I think that the majority of bass strike an artificial fly because, deceived by its looks and action, they believe it to be alive and edible."

There are times, however, when fishing a stream, where Mr. Wilder's advice will not answer. Often it is necessary to start the bug moving the instant it touches the water. At such times one must make it imitate a strong struggling bug striving desperately to rise. At times it is best to almost jerk the bug over the water, as though it were after something and in mad haste to get it. The big thing is to make the bug seem alive, and the more one succeeds in doing this the more rises and the more fish one gets.

When the fish are not taking the particular bug I happen to have on, I at once begin to offer them something else and continue to change bugs until I find just what they want. Floating-bug fishing is just like dry-fly fishing—one must suit the fish or go fishless.

It is of the utmost importance to keep your eye always on the bug. All rising fish strike quick, and if you do not set your hook in a flash it means good-by to your fish.

All true fishermen know that there is such a thing as "fish sense," or fish instinct. Some possess it to a high degree, while others seem utterly bereft of any such talent. It is more than difficult to teach those who do not possess this instinct. Nothing is more certain than that fishermen are born—not made. Perseverance, of course, will do much; still, after all, "one cannot make a white plume from a crow's tail."

Any one who can cast a fly and take a fish with a wet fly does not need instruction as to the ways and means of handling the floating bug. He will take fish at once, and a little experience will make him an artist in the use of the floaters.

One must first learn to handle a fly-rod, and I have found that actual practice and hard work are the only ways to master fly-casting. Therefore, buy a fly-rod and practice. It is a common belief that a long cast is necessary. This is not often true, as it is more important to drop one's fly in the right place and in the right way. Certainly, accuracy is far more important than distance—every veteran will tell you that this is true.

When "fishing claybanks" in a stream, it is necessary to drop your bug right alongside of the bank, and if you touch it so much the better. When there are no roots or weeds to catch your bug, it is best to hit the bank and then gently let it drop into the water. Usually a bass will take it the instant it touches the water. If he does not, try your best to make the bug seem alive, and, if possible, coax the fish to take it.

When fishing rivers, it is important to make the first cast about two feet above where you expect or know a fish to be.

When one finds bass working on a reef, the angler who can whip out plenty of line gets the most fish. But never try to get out more line than you can handle, because it is necessary to set the hook properly when fishing reefs. Two or three nipped or pricked fish are almost certain to put a stop to your sport. Often bass are found on a reef so plentiful and hungry that they may be seen lashing the water into foam in their rush after minnows, but one or two pricked or hooked and lost fish stops their rising often for hours. A bright-colored bug is usually best for such fishing, and the fisherman must keep it on the move.

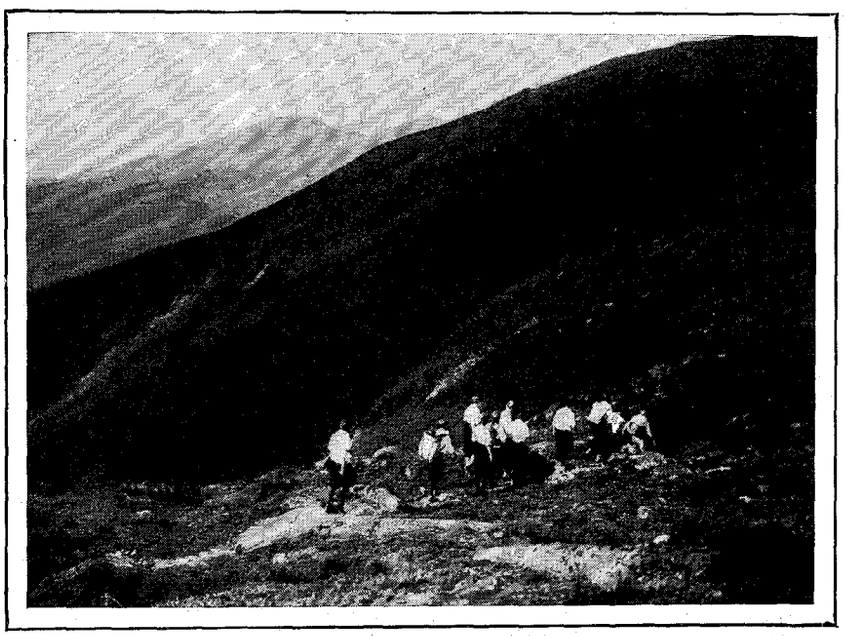
Get into the fly-fishing game and add a thousandfold to your fishing joys. If you have never taken a fish on a floating bug, you have a series of indescribable sensations ahead of you.

THE HOSPITABLE TRAILS OF NEW ENGLAND

BY ANNA WORTHINGTON COALE

ARE you the sort of person that can shut your eyes and smell the smoke of the camp fire, catch the gleam of level stretches, the vision of trees, winds and rocks, of logging roads, of clouds above timber, and the world at your feet?

If so, then we are bound by a sort of comradeship — a common feeling of friendliness and sympathy that extends to all others that follow the trail. We salute each other as we pass, as ships dip their colors.



APPRECIATIVE TRAVELERS ON A SKY-LINE TRAIL

The friendliness of trail people is manifested in a very practical way by the New England Trail Conference, which meets in Boston once a year. Twenty-three organizations of lovers of outdoor life in New England, including community and college groups and hotel associations, are represented in this federation, with a combined record of more than a thousand miles of trails. Their object is to combine their efforts, connect up their numerous detached trails, and avoid duplication and waste.

The oldest is the Appalachian Mountain Club, founded in 1876 and known for its hospitality by the mountain-climbing fraternity everywhere. Its trails extend throughout the White Mountain region, and its white "A M C" painted signs lead across the long line of the Northern Peaks, through scrub and rocks, to the "apex of New England," the summit of Mount Washington. The club maintains four mountain huts with keepers, open to the public, and eight free lean-to camps. Their ambition is to organize a system of through trails, making it possible to traverse all the principal ranges and valleys in the White Mountains, crossing from one

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"MANY OF THE TRAILS ARE IN THE WHITE MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK, WHICH NOW INCLUDES FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTY THOUSAND ACRES"

valley to another, and to establish a chain of huts and camps throughout the mountains. Already their huts of native stone, located on the sky-line trail over the Presidentials, at Madison Springs and Lakes of the Clouds, are taxed to the utmost by appreciative travelers over the range.

The Green Mountain Club, a younger organization, is following in the footsteps of the Appalachian Club. Last year they reported to the Trail Conference two hundred and fifty miles of trails, one hut with keeper, and four lean-to camps.

The sky-line of the Green Mountain chain, from the Massachusetts line to the Canadian border, is the latest attraction for hikers. It will when completed offer more than three hundred miles of good trails and superb views. A stretch of forty-three miles, but lately cleared, and known as the Monroe skyline for the public-spirited man who built it, already offers a ten-day tour to the tramper. Starting from the southern end, about fourteen miles east of Middlebury, Vermont, and continuing north to Smugglers' Notch, the trail follows the mountain ridge, taking advantage of the best outlooks. Lodges, shelters, and a few huts on the route furnish accommodations for the night. Some of these are bark lean-to's along the trail, and there are two huts—one maintained by the Camel's Hump Club, on that mountain, and the other, Barnes's Camp, in Smugglers' Notch, is run during the summer by students from the University of Vermont, which, like the other New England colleges, co-operates in the work of the trail.

The Green Mountain Club plans a series of shelters not more than three miles apart along this trail. Like the A M C, they are greatly indebted to individual members who have not only given their time to build the trails but have also financed the undertaking.

Although there are four States represented in the Trail Conference, four-fifths of all the trails are in New Hampshire. It is said that New Hampshire is the most inhospitable State to the tramp and the most hospitable to the tramper. At any rate, it took action several years ago to get rid of the hobo, while the hikers have come in increasing numbers. Many of the trails are in the White Mountain National Forest, which now includes 430,000 acres. The Appalachian Mountain Club has fifteen reservations in the State. The State has acquired twenty-nine reservations, by gift and by purchase. Ten of the townships own forest land. So there are now sixty-five reservations of one kind or another in New Hampshire in addition to the National Forest. These all co-operate through the Trail Conference, and the Government Forest officers are in hearty sympathy with the plans for extending and maintaining the trails in the National Forest. Already the Government has taken over ninety-six miles of trails to be maintained by the United States Forest Service, the most recent of which is the long trail over the Presidentials from Crawford House to Randolph, which is to be used as a fire trail, by which supplies can be taken to fire fighters over the range.

The boys of the Dartmouth College Outing Club have also planted their red-and-white painted signs along fifty-one miles of trails through the Hanover section of New Hampshire and over a cross-country route from Hanover to the White Mountains. Many of their trails lead to their own cabins, some located at the base of the mountain, one on a lake, and all at convenient points for winter hiking and the use of alumni and friends during the summer. The club, officered by students and supported also by faculty and friends, has received some valuable gifts that have helped them to extend their hospitality beyond the bounds of their own organization. A few years ago, in recognition of good work done, the club received an endowment of twenty thousand dollars. Last year it acquired by gift a part of the summit of Mount Moosilauke, including the Tip Top House, which is to be maintained as in the past for the benefit of the tramping public.

This latest acquisition of the D O C was of the greatest significance to the members of the hiking fraternity. For at the same time a new trail was started over Kinsman and a cherished plan of the A M C was realized—to connect the top of Moosilauke Mountain with the

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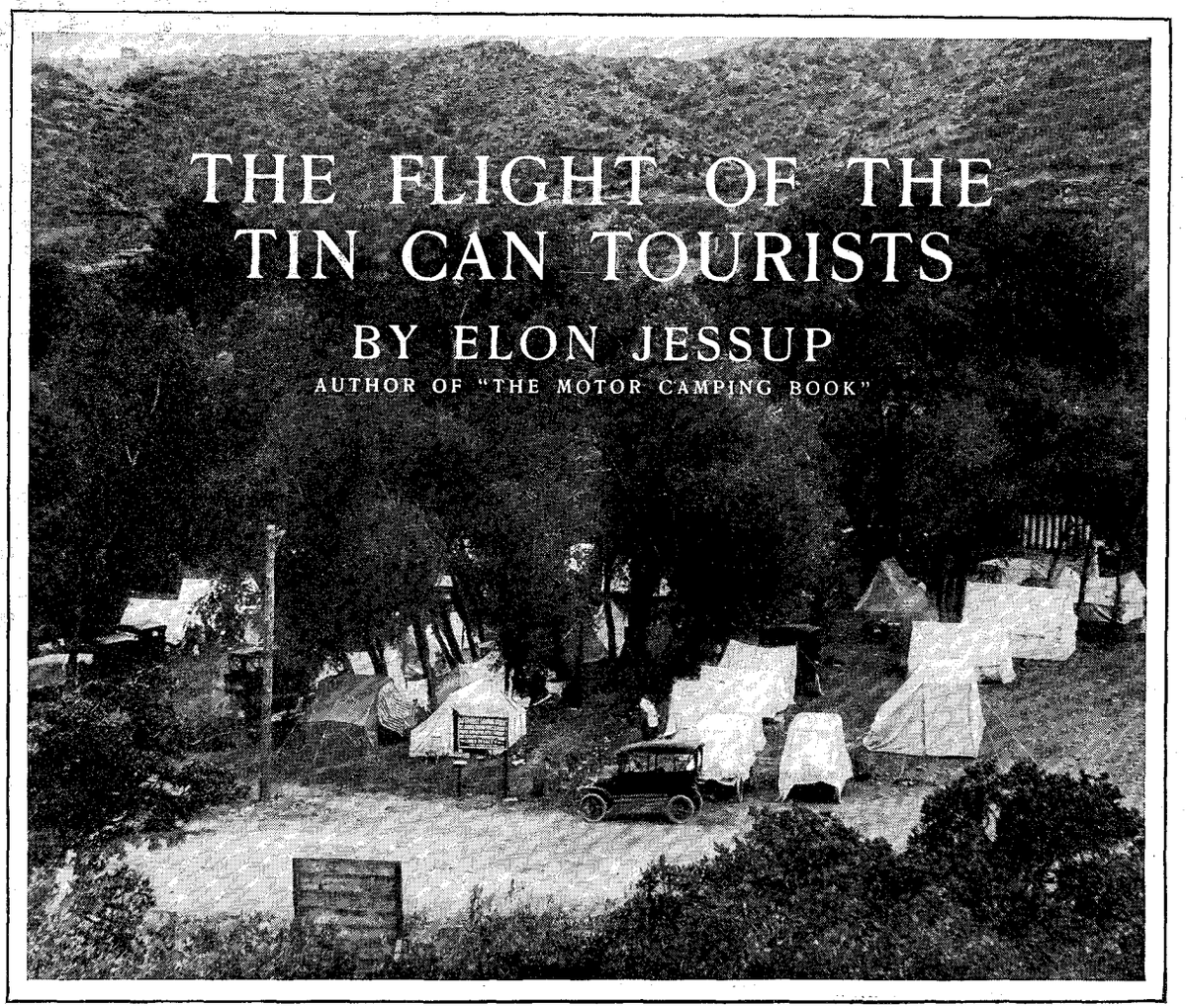
top of Lafayette. The trail starts at Lost River and leads over the whole range of the Franconia Notch to the Profile House.

The Trail Conference has outlined a big programme. Their great aim is a through trail—a trunk line that will connect the Inter-State Palisades Park and the Highlands of the Hudson with trails in the Berkshires and western Massachusetts, and these with the long trail in Vermont and the trails of the Dartmouth Outing Club to the White Mountains, and thence by new trails into Maine.



THE FLIGHT OF THE TIN CAN TOURISTS

BY ELON JESSUP

AUTHOR OF "THE MOTOR CAMPING BOOK"

"THIS LIVING OUTDOORS TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY, SEEING WITH YOUR OWN EYES ALL THE WONDERFUL THINGS THE GEOGRAPHY BOOKS TELL ABOUT, CERTAINLY IS THE LIFE"

ALONG toward the end of May preparations for the great American migration have started. By the first of July the flight is well under way. In all the world there is not another migration like this. To all points of the compass and back again fly great black chugging birds on wheels, crisscrossing, intersecting, swooping into deep valleys, ascending high mountains. With some the flight lasts only a few days, others soar all summer. More than a few glide on to the South as cold weather approaches.

These birds, it may be needless to remark, are motor cars. According to recent records there are some nine million members of this gasoline tribe running around loose in these varied United States of ours. At the wheel of a surprisingly large percentage of this nine million sits a sunny-faced, weather-tanned individual togged in khaki trousers, flannel shirt, and a don't care old felt hat tilted at a careless rakish angle. One receives the general impression that it does not make a great deal of difference to the person under the hat whether school keeps or not.

This unconcerned person is not alone. He never is. From the depths of the tonneau pipes a shrill, childish voice:

"Oh, daddy. Look-et!"

The particular object which daddy is called upon to look-et is of no special consequence. The fact of his being where and as he is, however, is a matter of utmost importance. In fact, from a recreative and educational standpoint one might even call it in some respects the biggest event of a decade. Daddy, be it known, is a motor camper, sometimes genially referred to as a "tin can tourist." Mommer and the whole canned family are with him. They always are.

Back in Ioway, Nebrasky, or N' Yawk, crestfallen, lonesome Towser, between meals hospitably supplied by the next-door neighbor, snoops aimlessly around a locked-up, dark, deserted home, wagging his tail hopefully and wondering when his truant family will have done with this confounded camping nuisance and come home.

Towser's family, 'way out in California, Idaho, Wisconsin, or Maine, have no present intention of coming home. They are having too good a time. This living outdoors twenty-four hours a day and seeing with your own eyes all the wonderful things the geography books tell about certainly is the life. So much better than being cooped up in a boarding-house all summer long on the edge of a silly old lake. Besides, it's nice to have daddy along. He's great fun when you get to know him. Always before he's gone off on fishing trips with somebody else. Yes, indeed, this is the first time the family's been all together on a vacation. They don't know just where they are going, but they're on their way.

Who is daddy? Last summer I sprawled and smoked before his campfire a dozen and more times in as many varied localities. I met him in New York, Maine, British Columbia, Idaho, Washington; had I traveled far enough I would have met him in every State and province of the United States and

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Canada. His name is legion. Once, I recall, he was a wealthy merchant from Kansas City, again he was a farmer from the Canadian prairies, then he became a small restaurant owner from Chicago, and again a Philadelphia lawyer. In brief, allow me to refer you to the classified telephone directory. The list of occupations given in that somewhat bulky volume is long and varied, but I would be willing to wager there is not one but has its representative among the tin can tourists.

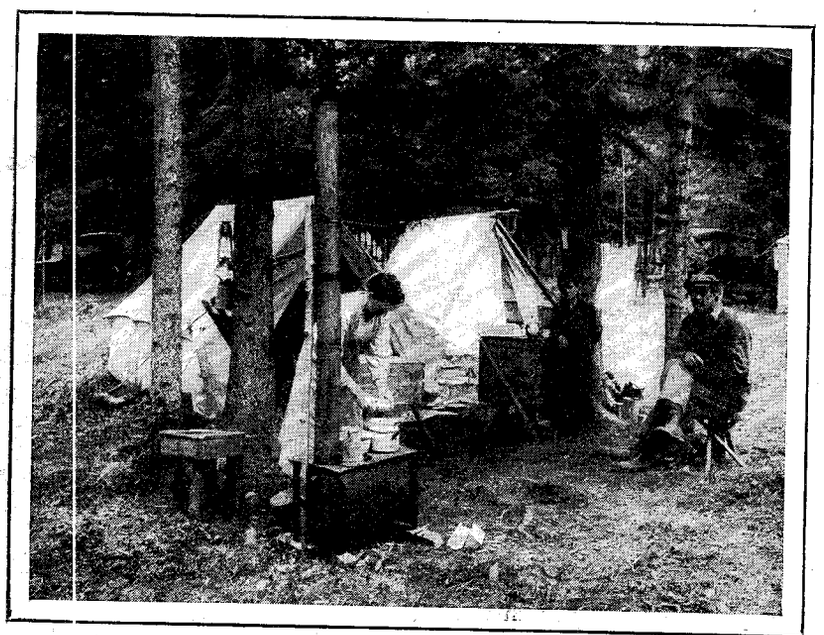
There is an increasing amount of motor camping in the East, but to view this new manner of touring in all its democratic, care-free glory, you would do well to go west of the Mississippi River. Anywhere between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean and from the Mexican border to as far north in Canada as there are roads will do very nicely. A fair-sized slice of territory to be sure, but drop down beside most any main-traveled highway within its borders and the chances are that it will not be so very many minutes before daddy, mommer, and the youngsters whiz by in a car bulging with tents, beds, cook kits, and similar outdoor goods.

The hotels in the region which I have mentioned still keep their signs up, and I have seen people with traveling-bags hanging around the lobbies. It is comforting to know that hotel-keeping in the West has not become a lost art. But it is safe to say that if hotel men depended solely upon motor tourists for their living they would quickly and surely starve to death. In common parlance of the day, the motor tourists carry their own. The unanimous manner in which Western motorists sidestep the hotels is positively cruel. I have been told that the constant repetition of good round dollars flashing past hotel portals with nary a one rolling in has not improved the dispositions of the hotel owners.

Contrary to popular opinion, perhaps, I might state that the average American does not care to blow his money. He is perfectly willing to spend, but he wants in return value received. That, in great part, accounts for the fact that up to within the last two or three years there was a comparatively small amount of motor touring. I mean in comparison with to-day. Touring then was done in terms of hotels. It was too expensive. The present-day gasoline tent dweller is not only enjoying an infinitely better time, but he is having it at a fraction of the cost.

"THE MOTOR TOURISTS CARRY THEIR OWN"

"BESIDES, IT'S NICE TO HAVE DADDY ALONG. HE'S GREAT FUN WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW HIM"



"THEY DON'T KNOW JUST WHERE THEY ARE GOING, BUT THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY"

Almost every motor camper keeps an expense account. On the slightest provocation he will exhibit it, and this with gloating pride. I have been assured many times that the total expenses of an all-summer trip are no greater than living at home. Such a statement may be subject to slight variations, but I think in the main that it is true. Certainly a goodly proportion of the army of motor campers now touring the length and breadth of the land are people who but for this inexpensive form of traveling would not be able to go at all.

I recall meeting in Idaho a small-town grocer and his family from the Middle West. They were about to start home after an extended tour of the National Parks. Five interested faces of youngsters ranging from four years to sixteen regarded us silently as we talked. The father gave a satisfied chuckle and remarked:

"Just give a good look at that row of hungry mouths. If we'd stopped at hotels my bank roll would have lasted about three days."

We hear much about the democracy of certain American outdoor games. Yet you and I sit snugly in the grandstand at a baseball game and watch the other fellow play out the nine innings. To my mind the only democratic sport is one in which everybody plays the game. And I hereby elect motor camping the most democratic sport in America. Please remember about daddy, mommer, and the youngsters. They are playing the game. When you get in among the roots of American family life, you have something real.

From about any standpoint you view this new sport of motor camping you find a spirit of real democracy. Drop into most any Western town or National

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"DENVER HAS GONE SO FAR AS TO BUY THE GROUNDS OF AN OLD RACE TRACK. . . . PIPES HAVE BEEN EXTENDED FROM THE CITY WATER MAINS"

Park if you would see this spirit in perhaps its most concrete form. Practically all towns of any size west of the Mississippi, and Uncle Sam with his National Parks and Forests, have a pleasant little custom of holding open house for the unending stream of motor campers.

The "public motor camping grounds" has become an established institution in these Western towns. It is as unfailing as the post office and public library. I have heard one of these camping grounds described as a collection of tents surrounded by the week's washing. Very often it is located in a city park, and here the motorist sets up his tent and makes himself at home. Here you will find a forty-horse-power five-thousand-dollar car rubbing shoulders with a twenty-horse-power flivver. Just what the stations in life of the respective owners may be neither inquires nor does either seem to care. The respective families are guided accordingly. They meet, play, exchange touring experiences by the common camp fire for a day or two and then pass on in opposite directions.

In all camping grounds of this sort the city supplies conveniences of various kinds. For example, the Los Angeles camp has electric lights, hot and cold shower baths, laundry tubs, gas stoves, and wood fireplaces. Santa Barbara, not to be outdone by her rival, hangs out a sign, "Cleanliness is Our Joy and Pride," and overtops Los Angeles's efforts by adding such varied items as waffle-irons, electric washing-machines, curling-irons, and nail files. Fully fifty other towns in southern California alone have camping grounds, although these as a rule are a trifle more inclined toward the simple life than is Santa Barbara.

Seattle maintains a pleasantly located camp on the shore of Green Lake, with plenty of bathing and boating close at hand. Dozens of other Western cities offer similar attractions. Denver has gone so far as to buy the grounds of an old race track and turn these over to the motor campers. This comprises a one-hundred-and-sixty-acre tract, and about eighty acres of it are in fine groves. The camping area is divided into eight hundred camp lots. Pipes have been extended from the city water mains so that no camper is more than one hundred and fifty feet from a hydrant.

Colorado Springs, in addition to its tent settlement, maintains a "cottage city." There are fifty-six small cottages with one and two rooms and kitchenette. And so it goes. Most any town in the West, and more recently a number of cities in Florida, hangs out a welcome sign for the motor camper. Some of these campers keep steadily on the go and play only one-night stands in each town. Others strike a place they like and remain for a week or more. A city like Denver, for example, offers exceptional opportunities for day-long side-trips. The motor camper sets up his tent household in the camping grounds for perhaps a week, but sees it only in the early morning and at night. During the daytime the family is whizzing through the surrounding mountain country.

These various city camping grounds are the most economical proposition the tourist has ever run up against. In some few instances there is a nominal charge of twenty-five or fifty cents a day for each car, but, as a rule, camping privileges and all the accommodations that go with them do not cost the motorist a red cent. Naturally, this costs the city money, but in view of the fact that the motorist is likely to buy a gallon of gasoline, a pound of sugar, and one or two other small trinkets during his stay, the institution from the city's standpoint may be put down as a good investment. Besides, maybe the camper, after he gets back home, will say some nice things about the city and its surroundings. The devious methods of modern advertising is a fascinating subject.

The number of campers one finds taking advantage of this city hospitality varies with different sections. Proximity to main-traveled highways usually shoots up the average. Fairly typical figures for the small city of fifteen or twenty thousand people might be those of Cœur d'Alene, Idaho, for the month of August, 1920. During the month there were a total of 1,382 people encamped in the public camping grounds.

"THESE VARIOUS CITY CAMPING GROUNDS ARE THE MOST ECONOMICAL PROPOSITION THE TOURIST HAS EVER RUN UP AGAINST"

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They traveled in 439 cars, and among these were represented 36 different makes. The passengers came from practically every State in the Union. In dozens of other small cities the same performance was being repeated all summer long.

In a number of the larger cities, on the other hand, the attendance mounts up so fast that after a while the census takers seem to get tired of keeping track of it. Denver, for example, is unable to give exact figures, but a rough estimate of the number of tourists camped in the city camping grounds during the months of June, July, and August is given as twenty thousand.

National Park records tend to prove that such a figure is no exaggeration. Last summer, if you please, there were some 35,000 motorists camped out in the Yellowstone National Park. It happens that the Yellowstone has fairly spacious hotel accommodations. Old Faithful Inn, together with its permanent camp, has a capacity for more than eight hundred guests. Yet for week after week there were more motorists camped out in the Park under their own quickly erected tents than there were people in the inn and permanent camp combined.

The Government has been busy installing throughout many of the National Parks and Forests much the same sort of motor camping accommodations that are to be found in the Western cities. In the Yellowstone there are at present ten of these with stone fireplaces, garbage-disposal pits, piped water where necessary, and similar conveniences. Forty more are planned. Horace Albright, Yellowstone Park Superintendent, says that last summer in Upper Geyser Basin, near Old Faithful Geyser, a single camp ground of this sort was occupied each night for weeks by from eight to twelve hundred people. This general situation applies in large measure to other National Parks. The Yosemite, for example, was visited by 25,000 campers.

"THE MOTOR CAMPERS' TRAIL . . . LEADS TO BETTER CITIZENSHIP, GOOD CHEER, HEALTH, AND HAPPINESS"

Is it necessary for me to perorate upon the recreational and educational value to America of such a wholly fortunate situation? I hardly think so. The thing is too obvious. I only urge you to hit the motor campers' trail. Whether it leads north, south, east, or west does not matter greatly. Whatever the direction may be, it leads to better citizenship, good cheer, health, and happiness.

SET YOUR VACATION BY THE MOON

SOMETHING FOR CITY DWELLERS TO THINK ON

BY H. A. HARING

IN selecting the time of your summer outing for 1921 why not put the light of the moon into the middle of it?

In the city we have street lights. They supply illumination. They displace the need of moonlight. The ordinary vacation is spent away from the city. If the moon happens to be in its dark phase, every evening of the fortnight will be lost in darkness.

Our grandfathers regulated their planting and much of their social life by the phases of the moon, a custom which appears to us wholly irrational. Their method of timing important events was not entirely due to their belief in signs. We often charge them with superstition, and when we do so we are accusing them thoughtlessly, for we fail to appreciate the artificial circumstances of our own living. They lived much in the open; we, little. Small wonder, then, that we have ceased to regulate life's actions by references to lunar cycles.

So firmly established is our habit of thought that we do not even consult the moon in fixing our outings, the one period of the year wherein moonlight becomes of consequence to us. If a vacation has fallen into the light of the moon, the most pleasant recollections of the summer are quite likely to relate to moonlight. How often does one return from a vacation resolved that before the next outing rolls around he will read enough astronomy to know something of the stars and the moon! This is merely because the vacation transported a city person to the country, to lake, or to mountain, where the roofs and smoke of the city are lacking. Each night out in the open has revealed the beauty of the heavens, there to be viewed with surprising clearness.

To plan a vacation with reference to the full moon is a simple means to double the delights of the outing. The surprising thing is each year that apparently so few people even take the moon into consideration in their planning. If chance has brought the fortnight happily into conjunction with the moon, delight is unbounded. But why not deliberately bring the two together? It can be done merely by consulting the calendar.

For about three nights immediately preceding the time of the full moon and for about two nights following, the moon is so nearly rounded out that an observer must be experienced to distinguish just which is the night of the full moon. Thus there are each month five or six evenings when it is possible to enjoy what is, practically, a full moon. For almost a week before this full phase is reached the first quarter grows lighter with each evening. It gives sufficient light to enjoy mere gazing at the sky, and for doing the usual moonlight things of the outdoor world.

For the year 1921 the moon's phases during the vacation season are here given:

	New Moon	First Quarter	Full Moon
June	6	12	20
July	5	11	19
August	3	10	18
September	1	8	17
October	1	8	16

A two-weeks' vacation beginning about half way between the new moon and the first quarter is ideal. The moonlight will be enough to be out of doors from the first night of such a vacation without requiring artificial light. At the latter half of the fortnight the moon will still be rising early enough, although past the full moon, to give enjoyment before bedtime. The entire two weeks will thus occur in the light of the moon.

It is well to remember that the full moon is not the only phase in which it is beautiful. There is a peculiar charm and dreaminess to be found in the crescent of the new moon, with a large star conveniently near in the heavens. For the first two nights, sometimes for three, of the new moon, a faint circle of light can be detected, outlining the whole of the moon's surface, although its face is wreathed in darkness. This filmy suggestion of hidden mystery is the result of the sun's light falling on the surface of the earth and then being reflected from us out upon the moon.

The surface of the earth is more than ten times as great as that of the moon. Consequently this reflected light of the sun shining on us and then turned back to the moon is ten times brighter than our moonlight. When the moon is "new," so little moonlight reaches us, due to the small extent of the moon's surface exposed to the sun (as seen by us), that this excess of the light reflected from the earth becomes visible on the moon. After the first two or three nights of the new moon have passed, the increased volume of moon-

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light bedims our own reflected light. Then the shadowed portion of the moon ceases to be visible to us.

From one full moon to another is twenty-nine and one-half days, the lunar month being the basis of our calendar month. "Moons" were the time units, not only of the American Indians, but of all ancients as well. They are still the units for ourselves, we merely having modified the word "moon" into "month," and, forthwith in our practical way, having forgotten the significance of the word.

On the average throughout the year the moon will rise each evening forty-eight minutes later than on the preceding night. This average interval is subject to wide variations, being greatest in March and least in September. In September these intervals become about fifteen or twenty minutes. This means that the full moon of September 17, 1921, will rise each evening only about twenty minutes later than on the preceding evening.

As a result of these short intervals in September, we have each year at the time of the September full moon six or eight evenings in succession when the moon shows its face almost full. Its rising hour for each of these nights is such that the early evening is filled with soft beauty. "Harvest moon" is the almanac name for this occurrence, a poetic name, but one not at all equal to the entrancing silver beauty of those evenings. Just to be out of doors, in the balmy warmth of a September evening, during these six or eight days, is a vacation in itself.

Who has not, in romantic mood, looked at the "Man in the Moon"? One of the ancients, Plutarch, wrote a whole book on the "Face of the Moon," and unnumbered others since his day have mooned away hours gazing at the same reflection.

When photographed, the features of the face are not so good. It is, in fact, only with some difficulty that we can then distinguish the face at all. Examination of the photograph makes us realize that the face is largely a fancy of our imagination. In reality, the surface of the moon is of dazzling whiteness, with clear-cut shadows. The alternating light and dark are caused by the elevations and depressions of the moon's surface, called, for convenience, the mountains and the seas of the moon. In the geography of the moon, the old man's nose is the main ridge of the "Apennines of the Moon." The mountain chain terminates with Mount Copernicus, which we in our fancy picture as the tip of his nose and the nostrils. His eyes are two seas, his mouth another sea, long and irregular in shape. Other fanciful figures to be distinguished on the moon are the Girl Reading, the Lady, the Crab and the Donkey. Given the right mood, it is possible to imagine almost anything as being there pictured.

If a vacation is planned so as to time it to the light of the moon, it will be easy to believe that the moon was set in the firmament merely for the delight of man.

WITH ROOSEVELT AT PINE KNOT

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

IT was in May during the last term of his Presidency that Roosevelt asked me to go with him down to Pine Knot, Virginia, to help him name his birds. I stayed with him at the White House the night before we started. I remember that at dinner[1] there was an officer from the British army stationed in India, and the talk naturally turned on Indian affairs. I did not take part in it because I knew nothing about India, but Roosevelt was so conversant with Indian affairs and Indian history that you would think he had just been cramming on it, which I knew very well he had not. But that British officer was put on his mettle to hold his own. In fact, Roosevelt knew more about India and England's relation to it than the officer seemed to know. It was amazing to see the thoroughness of his knowledge about India.

The next morning we started off for Virginia, taking an early train.

Pine Knot is about one hundred miles from Washington. I think we left the train at Charlotteville, Virginia, and drove about ten miles to Pine Knot; the house is a big barn-like structure on the edge of the woods, a mile from the nearest farmhouse.

Before we reached there we got out of the wagon and walked, as there were a good many warblers in the trees—the spring migration was on. It was pretty warm; I took off my overcoat and the President insisted on carrying it. We identified several warblers there, among them the black-poll, the red-throated blue, and Wilson's black cap. He knew them in the trees overhead as quickly as I did.

JOHN BURROUGHS WAS A COMPANION OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT ON MORE THAN ONE OUTDOOR EXCURSION. HERE THEY ARE LOOKING AT THE GEYSER "OLD FAITHFUL." EVEN THEIR BACKS ARE EXPRESSIVE

We reached Pine Knot late in the afternoon, but as he was eager for a walk we started off, he leading, as if walking for a wager. We went through fields and woods and briers and marshy places for a mile or more, when we stopped and mopped our brows and turned homeward without having seen many birds.

Mrs. Roosevelt took him to task, I think, when she saw the heated condition in which we returned, for not long afterwards he came to me and said: "Oom John, that was no way to go after birds; we were in too much of a hurry." I replied, "No, Mr. President, that isn't the way I usually go a-birding." His thirst for the wild and the woods, and his joy at returning to these after his winter in the White House, had evidently urged him on. He added, "We will try a different plan to-morrow."

So on the morrow we took a leisurely drive along the highways. Very soon we heard a wren which was new to me. "That's Bewick's wren," he said. We got out and watched it as it darted in and out of the fence and sang.

I asked him if he knew whether the little gray gnat-catcher was to be seen there. I had not seen nor heard it for thirty years. "Yes," he replied, "I saw it the last time I was here, over by a spring run."

We walked over to some plum trees where there had been a house at one time. No sooner had we reached the spot than he cried, "There it is now!" And sure enough, there it was in full song—a little bird the shape of a tiny catbird, with a very fine musical strain.

As we were walking in a field we saw some birds that were new to me. Roosevelt also was puzzled to know what they were till we went among them and stirred them up, discovering that they were females of the blue grosbeak, with some sparrows which we did not identify.

In the course of that walk he showed me a place where he had seen what he had thought at the time to be a flock of wild pigeons. He described how they flew, the swoop of their movements, and the tree where they alighted. I was skeptical, for it had long been thought that wild pigeons are extinct, but that fact had not impressed itself upon his mind. He said if he had known there could be any doubt about it, he would

[1] Mr. Burroughs's memory played him false here. The incident he speaks of was at a dinner in the White House, just before starting on the Yellowstone trip, in 1903.—C. B.

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have observed them more closely. I was sorry that he had not, as it was one of the points on which I wanted indisputable evidence. We talked with the colored coachman about the birds, as he also had seen them. His description agreed with Roosevelt's, and he had seen wild pigeons in his youth; still I had my doubts. Subsequently Roosevelt wrote me that he had come to the conclusion that they had been mistaken about their being pigeons.

One day while there, as we were walking through an old weedy field, I chanced to spy, out of the corner of my eye, a night-hawk sitting on the ground only three or four yards away. I called Roosevelt's attention to it and said, "Now, Mr. President, I think with care you can drop your hat over that bird." So he took off his sombrero and crept up on the bird, and was almost in a position to let his hat drop over it when the bird flew to a near tree, alighting lengthwise on the branch as this bird always does. Roosevelt approached it again cautiously and almost succeeded in putting his hand upon it; the bird flew just in time to save itself from his hand.

One Sunday after church he took me to a field where he had recently seen and heard Lincoln's sparrow. We loitered there, reclining upon the dry grass for an hour or more, waiting for the sparrow, but it did not appear.

During my visit there we named over seventy-five species of birds and fowl, he knowing all of them but two, and I knowing all but two. He taught me Bewick's wren and the prairie warbler, and I taught him the swamp sparrow and one of the rarer warblers; I think it was the pine warbler. If he had found the Lincoln sparrow again, he would have been one ahead of me.

I remember talking politics a little with him while we were waiting for the birds, and, knowing that he was expecting Taft to be his successor, I expressed my doubts as to Taft's being able to fill his shoes.

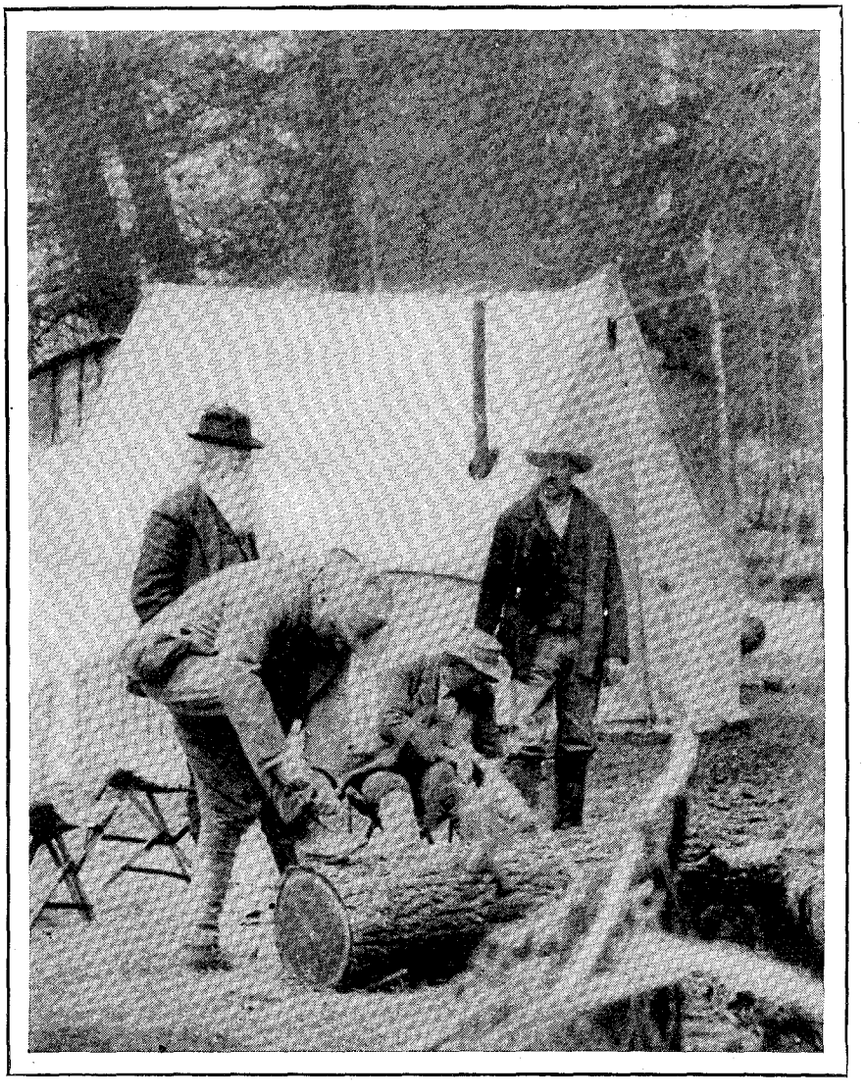
"Oh, yes, he can," he said, confidently; "you don't know him as well as I do."

"Of course not," I admitted, "but my feeling is that though Taft is an able and amiable man, he is not a born leader."

(I am glad to say that Mr. Taft's recent course in support of the proposed League of Nations has quite brought me around to Roosevelt's estimate of him.)

Pine Knot is a secluded place in the woods. One evening as we sat by the lamplight, he reading Lord Cromer on Egypt, and I a book on the man-eating lions of Narobe (?)—I'm uncertain about the name—it was a place where they had been building a new railway—and Mrs. Roosevelt was sitting near with her needlework, suddenly Roosevelt's hand came down on the table with such a bang that it made us both jump, and Mrs. Roosevelt exclaimed in a slightly nettled tone, "Why, my dear, what *is* the matter?"

He had killed a mosquito with a blow that would almost have demolished an African lion.



ONE OF THE TRIPS THAT THEODORE ROOSEVELT TOOK WITH MR. BURROUGHS WAS IN THE YELLOWSTONE

It occurred to me later that evening how risky it was for the President of the United States to be so unprotected—without a guard of any kind, in that out-of-the-way place, and I expressed something of this to him, suggesting that some one might "kidnap" him.

"Oh," he answered, slapping his hand on his hip pocket, "I go armed, and they would have to be mighty quick to get the drop on me."

Shortly after that, to stretch my legs a little and listen to the night sounds in the Virginia woods, I went out around the cabin and almost immediately heard some animal run heavily through the woods not far from the house. I thought perhaps it was a neighboring dog, but, on speaking of it to Mrs. Roosevelt, was told that two secret service men came every night at nine o'clock and stood on guard till morning, spending the day at a farm house in that vicinity. She did not let the President know of this because it would irritate him.

The only flower we saw there which was new to me was the Indian pink. Roosevelt seemed to know the flowers as well as he did the birds. Pink moccasin flowers and the bird's-foot violet were common in that locality.

On our return trip, Roosevelt's secretary being on the train, Roosevelt threw himself into the dictation of many letters, the wrens and the warblers already sidetracked by public business.

I passed another night at the White House, and in the morning early we went out on the White House grounds to look for birds, our quest seeming to attract the puzzled attention of the passers-by.

"They often stare at me as though they thought me crazy," he said, "when they see me gazing up into the trees."

"Well, now they will think I am your keeper," I said.

"Yes, and I your nurse," laughed Mrs. Roosevelt.

When I left, Roosevelt gave me a list of the birds that we had seen while at Pine Knot and hoped that I would sometime write up the trip; in fact, for years after, whenever we would meet, almost the first thing he would say was, "Have you written up our Pine Knot trip yet, Oom John?" And his disappointment at my failure to do so was always unmistakable.

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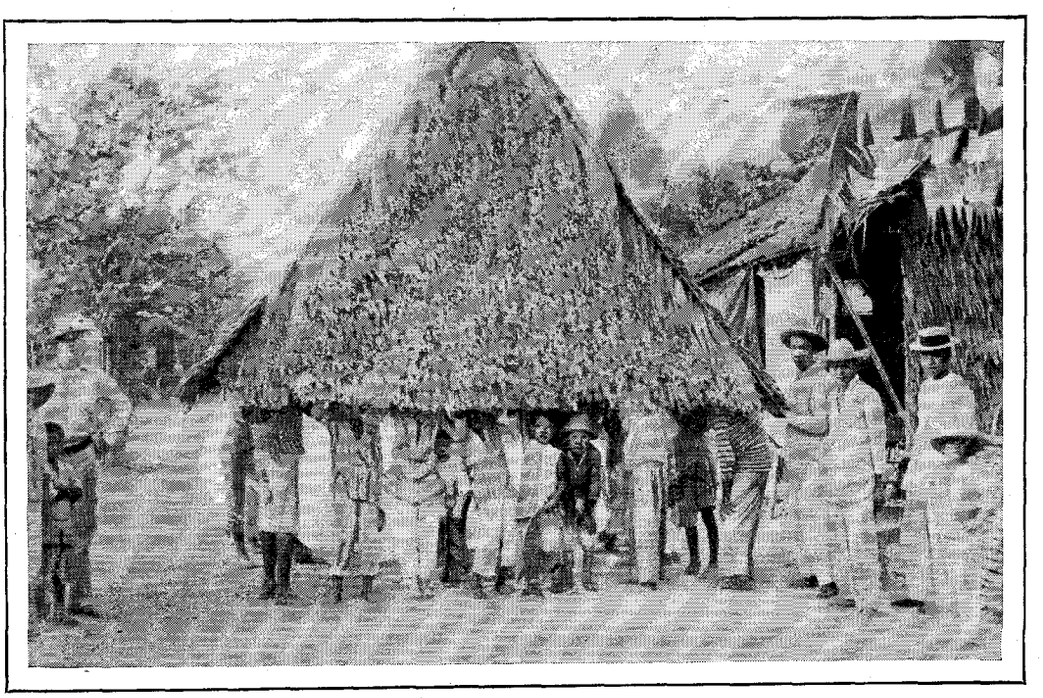
MAINLY A MATTER OF ROOFS

PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS

From K. Matsubara, Nagoya, Japan

A FINE EXAMPLE OF JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE—NAGOYA CASTLE

The Japanese friend who sends us this photograph writes: "Sirs Editor: I am one of very enthusiastic readers of Outlook. I am very interested in the picture of Fujiyama on your paper of February 16. This picture is most famous castle in Japan on account of the two big gold grampus on its tops. There are an episode which very interesting, though I don't believe it's true, but I tell to you. Once it was very windy night some robber steal off a—though a scale is great deal of money—scale by a enormous kite, and it is said from this time it were covered with iron meshes"



From K. F. Berry, Worcester, Mass.

MOVING DAY IN THE PHILIPPINES

The Filipino's housing problem is solved economically. The roof is the main part of the house. The supports can be put up anywhere. The household horse, pigs, and chickens are quartered beneath the floor of the house and enjoy the crumbs from the master's table which sift through the floor cracks or slats loosely covered with mats. When moving day comes, the house, as seen in the picture, is lifted off its stilts and carried to the new location

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THE BOOK TABLE

THE ROMANCE OF THE SOUTH SEAS[1]

THERE is a delusion only too common among readers that romance, adventure, and humor are to be looked for only in the pages of fiction. Every small-town librarian will tell you that a surprisingly large proportion of book circulation is among people who literally never touch any books except novels. To them stories and "solid" books are the two divisions of literature; they read for amusement only, and suppose it is to be found only in stories. Such people are lamentably ignorant of the joyous entertainment to be found in many anecdotal biographies and books of travel. Once in a while such a book by sheer vivacity forces itself into popularity and may even become a "best seller." This was the case with Frederick O'Brien's "White Shadows of the South Seas," which for two years has held its own as one of the two or three most popular American non-fiction volumes. And the publishers rightly attribute the book's success to its mingled humor, romance, and adventure—all qualities that one ordinarily thinks of as the lure of fiction.

Now comes Mr. O'Brien's second book recording his wanderings, observations, and enjoyment in the South Seas. Here he deals with Tahiti much as he did with the Marquesas in his first volume. Like its predecessor, the book has the attraction of profuse and in some cases really beautiful photographic illustration. In point of time the present book relates travel experiences that preceded those in the earlier work.

The author has not only the power of graphic description, but even a more remarkable gift of narration. He is really a prince among narrators. In his very first page he interests us in the strange nature-disciple who tried to stow away on the steamship, and from that minute persons and incidents crowd upon our attention. He not merely tells us of the beauty of the isles and seas, but he makes us, one may say, auditors and onlookers as he talks with natives, as he chaffs with Lovaina, his queer and voluble hostess of the Tiare Hotel, as he meets odd and not always highly moral or socially desirable members of the white colonies, as he converses with Ori-a-Ori, the dignified savage who was the friend and name-brother of Robert Louis Stevenson (they exchanged their names, Ori and "Rui" for Louis), or as he sat with Rupert Brooke in the shade of the *etoa* trees and conversed about the ancient Polynesian myths, or, with Brooke, plunged into the sea, or later read Brooke's poem commemorating the "whispering scents" of the lagoon and the whiteness of the sand. As a bit of description a passage may be quoted from the author's account of his first sight of Tahiti:

> Most of all, as the island swam closer, the embracing fringe of cocoanut trees drew my eyes. They were like a girdle upon the beautiful body of the land, whose lower half was in the ocean. They seemed the free-waving banners of romance, whispering always of nude peoples, of savage whites, of ruthless passion, of rum and missionaries, cannibals and heathen altars, of the fierce struggle of the artificial and the primitive. I loved these palms, brothers of my soul, and for me they have never lost their romantic significance.
>
> From the sea, the village of Papeete, the capital and port, was all but hidden in the wood of many kinds of trees that lies between the beach and the hills. Red and gray roofs appeared among the mass of growing things at almost the same height, for the capital rested on only a narrow shelf of rising land, and the mountains descended from the sky to the very water's edge. Greener than the Barbadoes, like malachite upon the dazzling Spanish Main, Tahiti gleamed as a promise of Elysium.
>
> A lighthouse, tall minister of warning, lifted upon a headland, and suddenly there was disclosed intimately the brilliant, shimmering surf breaking on the tortuous coral reef that banded the island a mile away. It was like a circlet of quicksilver in the sun, a quivering, shining, waving wreath.

As a contrasting specimen of Mr. O'Brien's narrative style is this bit in which a Scotchman tells of an odd kind of primitive island Socialism:

> "Sure, I'm never happy away from the sound of the surf on the reef and the swish of the cocoanuts. I was fourteen years in the British army in England when I made up my mind to quit civilization. I put it to the missus, a London woman, and she was for it. I've had nearly ten years now in the Cook group. D'ye know, I've learned one thing—that money means very little in life. Why, in Aitutaki you can't sell fish. The law forbids it, but do you suppose people don't fish on that account? Why, a man goes out in his canoe and fishes like mad. He brings in his canoe, and as he approaches the beach he's blowing his *pu*, the conch-shell, to let people know he has fish. Fish to sell or to barter? Not at all. He wants the honor of giving them away. Now, if he makes a big catch, do you see, he has renown. People say, 'There's Taiere, who caught all those fish yesterday.' That's worth more to him than money. But if he could sell those fish, if there was competition, only the small-minded, the business souls, would fish. I'm not a Socialist, but Aitutaki shows that, released from the gain, man will serve his fellows for their plaudits. And, mind you, no person took more fish than he needed."

Of drinking and sensuality Mr. O'Brien found plenty in the islands as they are to-day, and there are times when the reader feels that he is unnecessarily circumstantial in his description. The evil of drink of course came with the white man, and with him came also forms of degradation and disease before unknown. Of the first Mr. O'Brien says:

> They had no intoxicants when the whites came, not in all Polynesia. It was the humor of the explorers, the first adventurers, and all succeeding ones, to teach them to like alcohol, and to hold their liquor like Englishmen or Americans. Kings and queens, chiefs and chiefesses, priests and warriors, were sent ashore crapulous in many a jolly-boat, or paddled their own canoes, after *areareas* on warships and merchantmen. Some learned to like liquor, and French saloons in Papeete and throughout Tahiti and Moorea encouraged the taste. Profits, as ever under the business rule of the world, overweighed morals and health.

What was Tahiti like before the whites came? The author's answer is—

> That was to me a subject of intense interest, now that I was fully aware of the situation after a hundred and fifty years of exploitation, seventy-five years of French domination, and thirty years of colonialism. The nature of the people was little changed. The Tahitian was still naïf, hospitable, gentle, indolent except as to needs, valuing friendship above all things, accepting the evangelism of many warring Christian sects as a tumult among jealous gods and priests, and counting sex manifestations free expressions of affection, and of an appetite not more sacred nor more shameful than hunger or thirst.

Elsewhere the statement is made that the souls of the Tahitians have not been greatly changed by their outward transformation:

> Superficial, indeed, are the accomplishments of missionaries, merchants, and masters among these Maoris. The old guard dies, but never surrenders; the boast of Napoleon's soldiers might be paraphrased by the voice of the Maori spirit. Our philosophy, our catechisms, and our rules have not uprooted the convictions and thought methods of centuries. Bewildered by our ambitions, fashions, and inventions, they emulate us feebly, but in their heart of hearts think us mad.

Perhaps the best description of what Mr. O'Brien has attempted in his "Mystic Isles of the South Seas" is found in a sentence of his own: "These are merely the vivid impressions of my life in Tahiti and Moorea, the merriest, most fascinating world of all the cosmos; of the songs I sang, the dances I danced, the men and women, white and tawny, with whom I was joyous or melancholy; the adventures at sea or on the reef,

[1] Mystic Isles of the South Seas. By Frederick O'Brien. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York.

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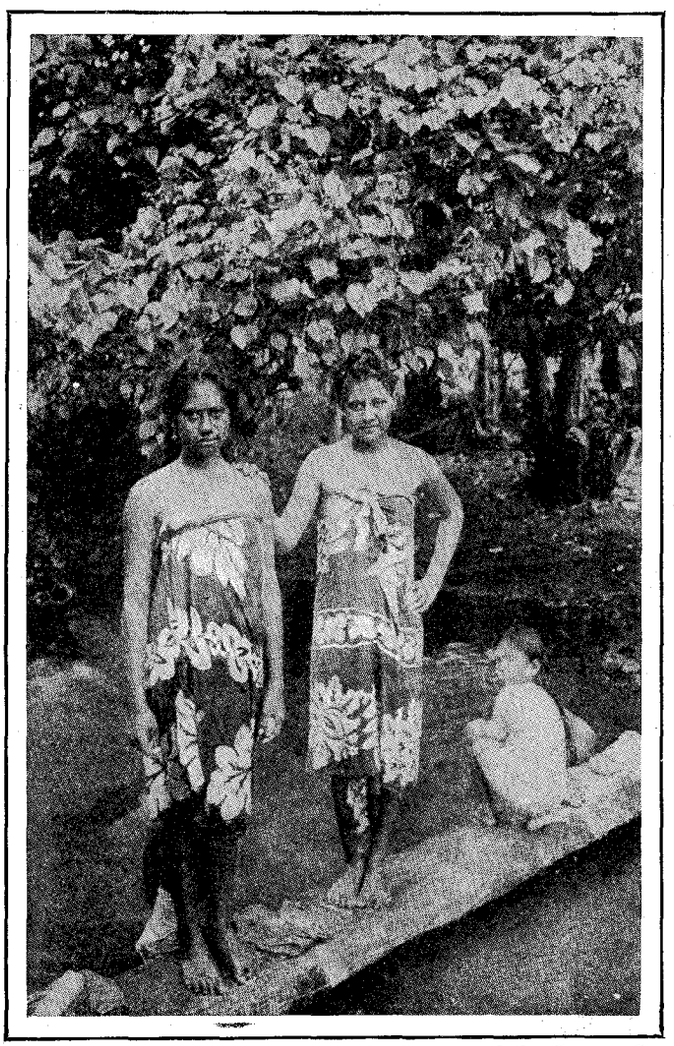

From "Mystic Isles of the South Seas." Courtesy of the Century Co. Photograph by Bopp.

WASHERWOMEN OF TAHITI

upon the sapphire lagoon, and on the silver beaches of the most beautiful of tropics."

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

HOUSE OF THE FALCON (THE). By Harold Lamb. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The mountain fastnesses of the Himalayas, a hidden valley, the feud between its sun-worshipers whose chief is the Falcon and the evil invaders led by the Vulture, the perils of an English girl kidnapped that she may save the Falcon's life, and a small but spectacular war—all this is the raw material for a decidedly stirring story of plot and action.

ENCHANTED CANYON (THE). By Honoré Willsie. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

Mrs. Willsie has a deep love of nature as it is seen in the still unconquered portions of the West, and particularly in the grandeur and vastness of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. The parts of the novel relating to out-of-door life in the wilds are the best of the book. In the picture of the boy found in the slums who, once started on the right road, pushes himself by his American spirit and vigor to the position of Secretary of the Interior, but is always haunted by the supposed shame of his birth, the emotion is somewhat strained and the passion of the situation somewhat artificial. In this story, as in others, Mrs. Willsie lays stress on the preservation of the old-time spirit and courage of the Anglo-Saxon race in this country.

MAN-KILLERS (THE). By Dane Coolidge. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

A story of feuds; one in Kentucky, one between cowboys and sheepmen in the Far West. Exciting but unrelieved by humor or notable character depiction.

VELVET BLACK (THE). By Richard Washburn Child. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

These short stories are almost all centered around horror, danger, and crime impending in absolute darkness. Hence the title. They are ingenious and forceful, but not always agreeable.

TERRY: A TALE OF THE HILL PEOPLE. By Charles Goff Thomson. The Macmillan Company, New York.

This is a lively and exciting tale of adventure. Its author is an American officer who has served in the native constabulary of the Philippines. The romance has energy, and is of value in showing what a constructive work is being done by the American Army in the Philippines in leading the people toward civilization and sound standards of living. The story abounds in action and is the kind of tale that one is sure to finish once fairly started on its adventures.

BIOGRAPHY

OUR FAMILY AFFAIRS 1867–1896. By E. F. Benson. Portraits. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

The family of Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, had in it a notable amount of talent. The essays and poems of Arthur Benson, the religious papers and historical novels of Hugh Benson (a convert to Roman Catholicism), and the many novels of Victorian society by E. F. Benson are known to readers of English literature. The quantity as well as the quality of the literary output of these three sons of the Archbishop is notable. The family was also notable for its delightful home life. Whether in Lambeth Palace or in a little country parsonage, there was always a playful interchange of talk and experience. Thus the title of this book is exactly what it should be. The interest is not biographical, but such as might attach to the characters in a work of the imagination. Particularly pleasing is the pen portrait of the mother, which is in the best of taste and yet loving and tender. The Archbishop appears sometimes as a stern man and one with fits of gloominess, and yet at other times as a father whose company was enjoyable and stimulating. Another capital portrait is that of Beth, the friend as well as helper in the household who came to the family when she was a young girl and remained until she was more than ninety years old—an almost unique record of service and loving kindness.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

SALLUST. With an English Translation by J. C. Rolfe. The Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

HERODOTUS. With an English Translation by A. D. Godley. Books I and II. The Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

CHRISTIANITY IN ITS MODERN EXPRESSION. By George Burman Foster. Edited by Douglas Clyde Macintosh. The Macmillan Company, New York.

PLATO. With an English Translation by H. N. Fowler. II—**THEAETETUS, SOPHIST.** The Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

EDUCATIONAL

QUINTILIAN: THE INSTITUTO ORATORIA OF QUINTILIAN. With an English Translation by H. E. Butler, M.A. Vol. I. The Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

TEACHER (THE). By Francis B. Pearson. (Vocational Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

SCIENCE

CREATIVE CHEMISTRY. Descriptive of Recent Achievements in the Chemical Industries. By Edwin E. Slosson, M.S., Ph.D. (The Century Books of Useful Science.) The Century Company, New York.

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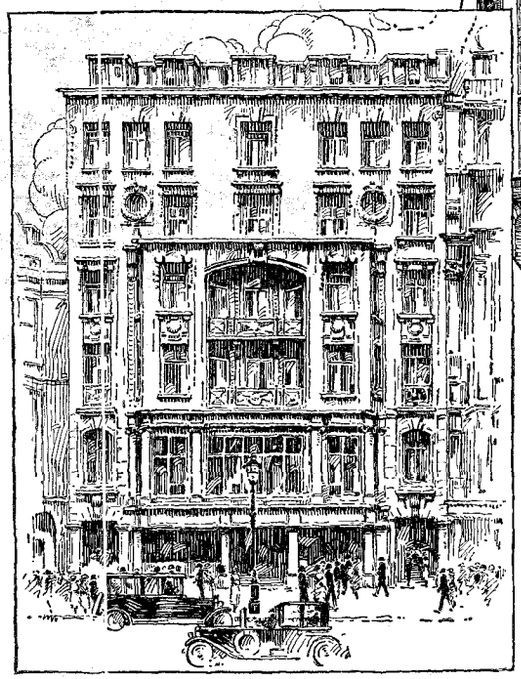
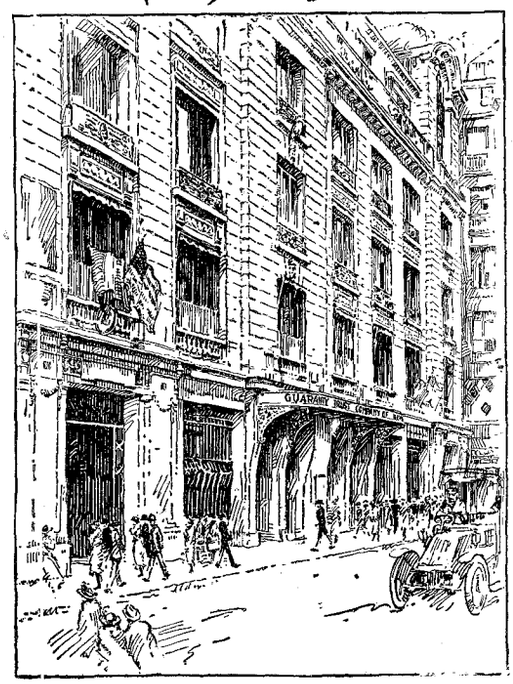
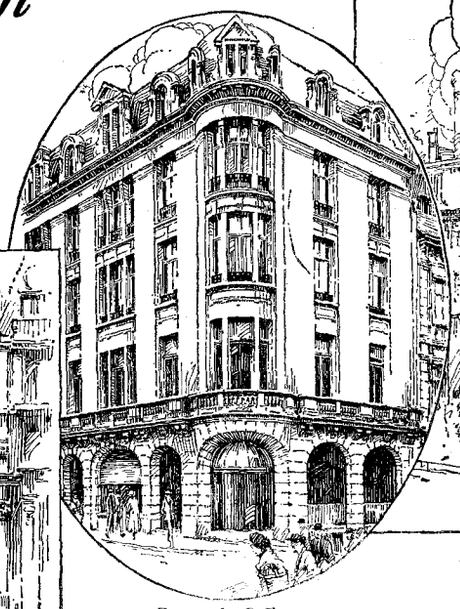
American Banks in Europe

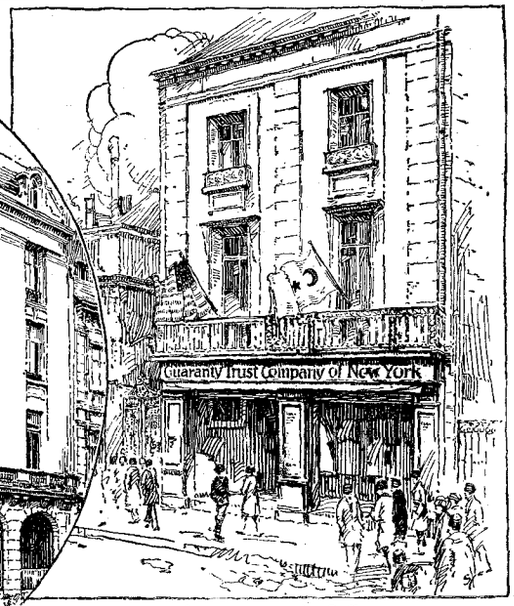


(Above) Pall Mall Office, London
(Below) Paris Office





Brussels Office



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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Vacation

ARE you going on a vacation this summer? If so, read the several very suggestive articles in this issue of The Outlook dealing with the problem of how to spend a vacation.

What does Mr. Leacock mean when he speaks of the art of taking a vacation? Can one learn this art?

If you were an employer of men and women, tell, with reasons, whether you would grant them a vacation with regular pay. Purely from an economic point of view, do you think it would be worth while for you to do so?

Do you know of business men who never take a vacation? Do you know of other business men who set aside a definite time each year for a vacation? If you know those of each type, what differences do you note in them which you think are more or less due to the taking or the not taking of a vacation?

Suppose you were given five hundred dollars for vacation purposes. How would you spend it? If you had fifty dollars for such a purpose, how would you spend it?

If you were asked to speak on how not to spend a vacation, what points would you emphasize in your talk?

What can you say in defense of the proposition that the way in which one spends his vacation is an index to his character? Can you give some illustrations?

Can you name several places of interest and educational value in your own State that every American ought to see? Can you name one or two places in each State of the United States that should be known or seen by all of our citizens?

What is your explanation for the following expressions: *Hanging Gardens of Babylon, Stock Exchange, habiliments, nemesis, Riviera, acme, angler, lean-to camps, parlance, perorate, sombrero.*

A book exceedingly interesting and profusely illustrated, a book that all vacationists certainly should own, is that entitled "What to See in America," by Clifton Johnson (Macmillan).

The Discoverer of Radium

Can you tell the story of how Madame Curie has worked her way through to success? Is she noted for anything else than being the co-discoverer of radium?

What is radium? Where is it known to exist in the United States? How much radium is there in the world?

How important is radium? What is the present value of an ounce of it? One writer says that radium is the most marvelous and valuable substance known to man. Are there reasons why we should agree with this belief? To what uses is it put?

What particular noteworthy advances have been made in physical research in recent years? What are some of the ways in which these advances affect our daily life?

Who are some of the greatest living scientists? Are any of them Americans? Why is it that great scientists are so little known?

What, in your opinion, is the greatest lesson we should learn from Madame Curie's visit?

The following volumes are intended for the general reader who is interested in modern science, but who has not been able to keep up with the advances in this exceedingly important field. They are books which are worthy a place in any one's library: "Creative Chemistry," by E. E. Slosson (Century); "The Realities of Modern Science," by John Mills (Macmillan); "The New Stone Age," by H. E. Howe (Century).

Define the following words: *Segregation, laboratory, radio-active, hornblende, Nobel Prize, chemical research, peer.*

The Allies Must Act in Accord

What has caused the critical situation in Upper Silesia?

Do you hold the same attitude toward Germany as that held by Lloyd George and expressed in the editorial comment on the Silesian situation found on another page?

What is the attitude of France toward the Silesian situation? How do you explain her attitude?

What suggestions can you offer as to how the Silesian problem should be solved? What parties do you believe should settle it?

Does what happens in Upper Silesia or the solution of the Silesian problem concern the United States? It is reported that certain European countries are anxious that the United States should take a hand in the settlement of the Silesian question. Should it?

Explain the meaning of the following words: *Plebiscite, House of Commons, insurgents, anarchy.*

Federal Control of Education and Health

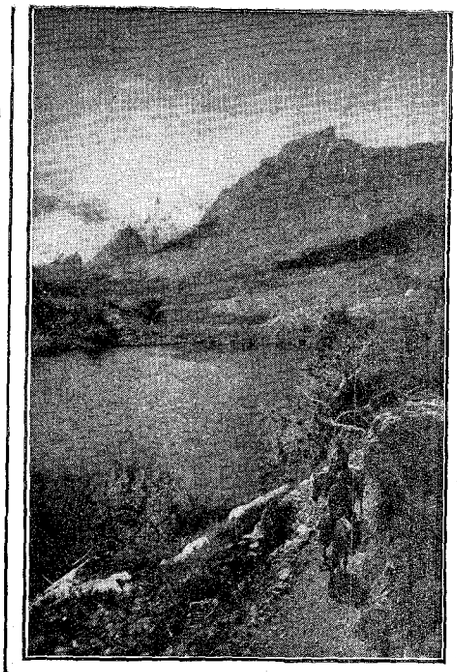
What reasons can you give why each citizen should pay special attention to such bills as The Outlook mentions in its editorial elsewhere in this issue on Federal control of education and health?

Explain just how the condition of roads, the quantity of timber, and the welfare of children of every other State in the Union are of vital interest to your own State.

What great social welfare projects can you name that have been undertaken by a general policy of co-operation between the State Governments and the National Government?

What, with reasons, do you think of the objections raised by The Outlook against the immediate passage of the three bills named in this editorial?

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.



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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

WILL H. DILG has been a frequent contributor to sporting journals. He is an authority on angling in general and on black bass in particular. His article in this issue deals with a very modern method of convincing the most skeptical of bass that they need an airing. We do not know how many bass have already been overpersuaded by Mr. Dilg's feathered logic, but we do believe that Outlook anglers who follow Mr. Dilg's advice will find that it is effective with quite as many bass as they deserve to get. And if they follow Mr. Dilg's sportsmanlike methods and manners, no under-sized young bass will ever be torn from the bosom of a fond or hungry parent.

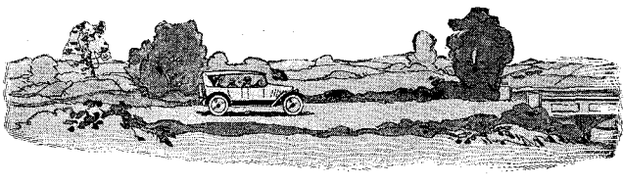
JOHN BURROUGHS, one of whose posthumous articles appears in this issue, was born in Roxbury, New York, in 1837. His early occupations include those of schoolteacher, treasury clerk, and National bank examiner. Among his many books are "Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person," "Locusts and Wild Honey," "Fresh Fields," "Literary Values," "Ways of Nature," and "The Summit of the Years." The present article came to The Outlook from John Burroughs's literary executrix, Dr. Clara Barrus.

ANNA WORTHINGTON COALE resides in New York City.

H. A. HARING writes from Cleveland, Ohio.

STEPHEN LEACOCK'S middle name is Butler. He is head of the Department of Political Economy at McGill University, at Montreal, and his repressions break through in the form of literary banter, a characteristic example of which is his vacation article in this issue. He was born in 1869 and was educated at Upper Canada College, University of Toronto, and University of Chicago, where he obtained his doctor's degree. He has been a lecturer on Imperial Organization under the auspices of the Cecil Rhodes Trust. He is the author of "Elements of Political Science," "Literary Lapses," "Nonsense Novels," "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town," "Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich," "Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy," "Further Foolishness," and "Frenzied Fiction." He plays cricket, carpenters, and gardens.

ELON JESSUP is Associate Editor of "Outing" and the author of "The Motor Camping Book" and other volumes. His labors are not confined to the editorial easy chair. The servant problem worries him less than is customary, since he likes to fry his own fish and cook his own coffee.



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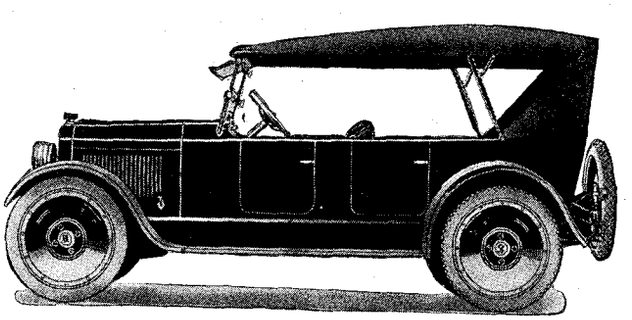

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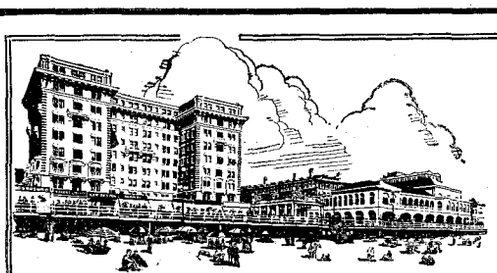

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THE BUSINESS MAN SPEAKS

BY L. A. WILLIAMS

A FEW weeks ago I was sitting on the broad piazza of a resort hotel after dark smoking my after-dinner cigar and watching the crowd of vacationists. A fine-looking, gray-haired, well-groomed man in white flannels and blue serge sat down beside me. He was motoring through the country, and, though I was little more than "flivvering," yet we had a common ground for conversation. Soon the talk drifted to a discussion of salaries, and this brought up the question of teachers' salaries and public school support. At once he broke forth into a monologue which was most interesting to me, and, coming as it did from a business man, is worthy of record.

"I shall be fifty-two years old tomorrow, and until two years ago I'll bet I never gave the question of our public schools fifteen consecutive minutes of thought in my life. I always sort of took them for granted, just as I took the sulphur and molasses my mother used to give me every spring. I went to the district school as a boy, and all three of my children have been through the public schools, but even when they were in school I signed their report-cards, looked to see if their deportment was all right, and dismissed the whole thing when I laid their cards down on the table. I guess I did attend the 'doin's' when they graduated, but I am not sure that I did even that for any but the youngest one—and that was probably because she was my pet and prize package. I thought I was too busy with my business to bother about school; it was a by-product of my life.

"You have probably guessed that I am a business man. I am a manufacturer of cotton cloth. I have mills in a half-dozen small cities and large towns. Up to two years ago I went on my way serenely hiring my help from anywhere I could get it, not paying much attention to the quality of it so long as it could run a loom and turn out the goods. I made then a moderately good quality of cotton cloth, not a standard, trade-marked product, but a material that passed for good fabric.

"One day a young fellow came into my office to try and sell me some new machinery which he claimed would make it possible for me to make up an A-1 finished product. He argued that the margin of profit in manufacture lies not merely between raw material and a finished product, but in the difference between a mediocre product and a first-class finished article. I could not see his argument. He was so dead sure he had what I needed that he sort of put me on my mettle. I wouldn't buy of him, and I showed him out of the office pretty roughly, I guess. Just the same his idea stuck with me, and, while I was so obstinate that I wouldn't put in his machinery, I did begin to cast about to see if I could do anything to turn out a better article. After many months of

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thinking, I saw what he meant. So I set out to refine the product in one of my mills.

"It was one of the mills where my help had been recruited largely from the country districts where schools had not kept for more than four months in a year, and darned poor schools at that while they were open. Right there I was up against it. Of course the hands knew enough, mechanically, to run the looms according to directions, but when I tried to get them to make little adjustments of the machines on their own judgment and to be more careful about loose ends, etc.—little things that would take some thinking on their part—they just naturally had no desire or intention to do them. I worked personally with that bunch for nearly six months and couldn't accomplish one single thing with them.

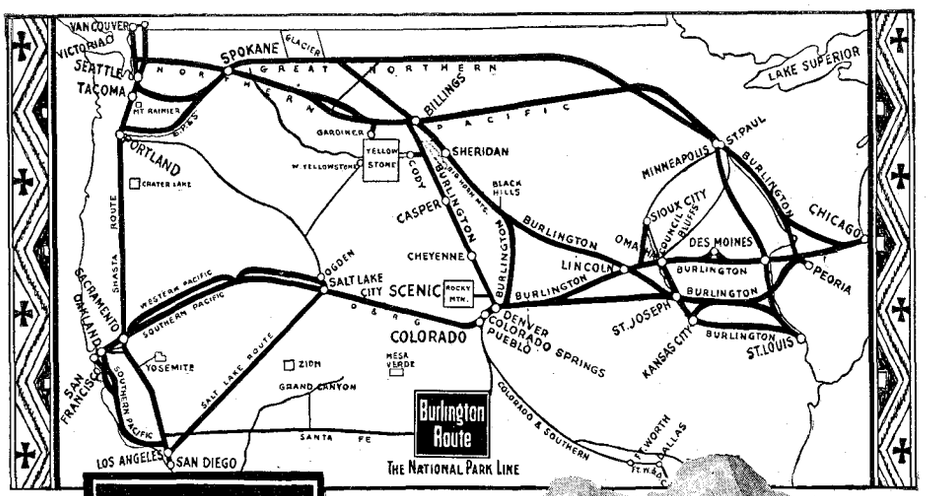
"I started thinking about why they would not take some pride in turning out a better product, and, after talking with some of them and after thinking about their whole attitude, I came to see that they had no ideals. That sounds funny for a business man, I know; but it's the truth. They had never been to a school long enough to get any ideals about fine work, about carefulness, neatness, about trying every day to do a thing just a little bit better than they did it the day before, about all those elements that make for first-class work. Oh, you can laugh at me, but, by Jove! it was true. They hadn't one ideal above drawing their pay once a week and resting on Sunday.

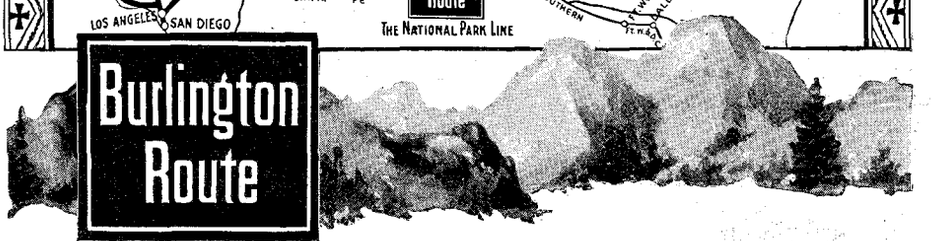
"I took the hint and let them alone, but to prove my point I went into another one of my mills in a town where they had been having a long-term school and good teachers for several years, and tried out my scheme there—and say, man, it worked! They fell for my coaching like I was doing them the greatest favor on earth, and they began to turn out a better and still better product, until now, do you know, I have had to begin in two more mills to coach the hands; but, believe me, I am not trying it again with hands who haven't had good schooling, not much!

"I tell you, right now, I've had my lesson, and from now on I am interested in good schools, long terms, big salaries, compulsory law, and the whole thing. This thing of good schools has got me. It's good business to invest in school taxes. I think about schools now and I work for 'em. They are the greatest ideals maker we've got in this country, and this old world of ours just grows fat on ideals. I know, for I've been up against ignorance good and plenty, and there's nothing to it.

"Well, good-night, my cigar's done and I'm ready for bed; but now you remember, mister, and do some thinking about these schools of ours—as the cat said about the rat-holes—they'll bear looking into. Good-night."

I wonder was he right or is it all a mistake? Do our schools really build the ideals he was talking about? Are they worth thinking about?





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To illustrate: suppose you go first to Colorado—that playground of playgrounds; then to Rocky Mountain National-Estes Park and be literally care free; or stop over in the Colorado Springs-Manitou region; then "hop" over the Rockies into "The Promised Land"—Utah; finally to California. See Yosemite and other inspiring scenes. Return through the enchanted land of the Pacific Northwest, with its Crater Lake and Mount Rainier, and via either Glacier National Park—the most talked of place in America by out-of-doors people, or Nature's own museum—weird and mysterious Yellowstone.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

ANALYZING BOND INVESTMENTS

ANALYZING bonds is a life vocation, and the person who does not make it his business can scarcely expect to do it expertly. Experience is a prime requisite, years of it perhaps, as well as an investigating type of mind; some knowledge of law also is extremely useful. First-class banking houses and dealers in investment securities maintain statistical departments whose duties consist in keeping up-to-date records of all the companies whose securities they offer for sale. This information is all carefully indexed and filed in convenient form for the use of the selling force, and is at the disposal of the clients and customers of the house. Such departments are extremely important and require able and experienced individuals for their heads, for conditions in the business and industrial world are in a constant state of flux, property values are continually changing, and new securities are being issued which may affect those already outstanding. These and all other pertinent circumstances must be noted if the present value of bonds is to be accurately determined.

As an extreme example, suppose a railway built a branch connecting a boom mining town with its main line and

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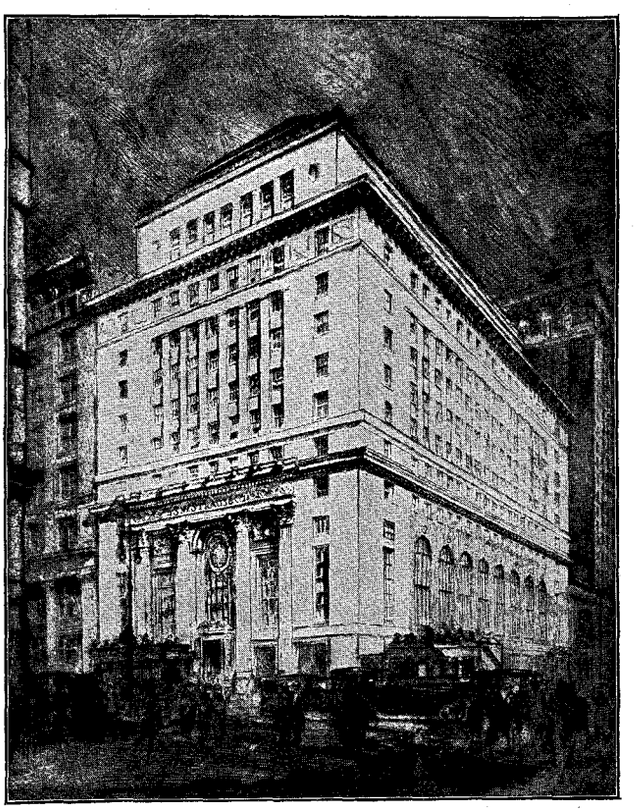
BOOKLET F-1105



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issued bonds secured by the property and trackage of this branch. Suppose a few years later the mines, which were responsible for the town's existence, became exhausted and the town disappeared. Of necessity this branch of the railway would fall into disuse, be abandoned perhaps, and its value sink to little or nothing. Bonds secured by worthless property are themselves worth nothing if the issuing company fails and the mortgage is foreclosed. A statistical department keeps in touch with developments such as these and puts the banking firm in a position to advise its clients of what has happened.

Individuals can hardly expect to keep in touch with every circumstance affecting the securities they own. Few of them have either the facilities or the time, and wise investors rely upon their bankers for this information. Many men make it a rule to submit a list of their holdings to their bankers every year or two, have each security investigated and reported on, and get the banker's advice as to what, if anything, is necessary to be done about them. People more and more are recognizing the soundness of consulting their dentists and doctors regularly so that they may discover any ailment affecting their physical condition, and take steps to remedy it before it becomes serious. Why is not the same policy sound with regard to their financial condition? Usually it is possible to sense danger before it comes, and certainly it is a wise policy to guard against it.

Now, even if an individual is not a bond expert, there are always a few questions he can ask and to which he can obtain satisfactory answers before investing. Ranking first in importance, perhaps, is, What is the lien of the bond? Is it secured by a mortgage, is definite and completely described property pledged for its payment, or is it merely an obligation of the issuing company guaranteed only by good faith, earning power and credit? If it is a public utility bond, is the mortgage on a power-house which is in use or one which has been abandoned? If a bond of a manufacturing company, is the mortgage on a factory which is in operation or one which has outgrown its usefulness and no longer used? If a railway bond, is the mortgage on terminals or mileage, and, if on mileage, is it profitable, one of the main lines, or an unused branch like the one to the mining town? It is easy to see that the answers to questions such as these are important. It is always well for investors to ascertain the exact lien of the bond offered them for purchase. They should find out too whether the mortgage is a first lien on the property, and, if not, what mortgages rank ahead of the one securing their bond, inquire as to the amount of these mortgages and the total of the bonds authorized and issued against them. It is not as hard as it sounds. Perhaps if the individual tries to get this information for himself he may find it extremely difficult, or perchance impossible, but there are numerous places where he can get it, easily and accurately.

Satisfied with the lien, the investor

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Himself an example and exponent of the value of specialized training, the busy professional man, therefore, turns naturally for advice on questions relating to bond investments to an organization making a specialized study of such securities.

A substantial part of the extensive patronage enjoyed by Halsey, Stuart & Co. is among professional men. Through close relationships resulting from mutual confidence, we have been able not only to assist these clients in the safe investment of their surplus funds, but also to relieve them materially of the detailed attention which they would otherwise be obliged to give to such matters.

To professional men, and to investors generally, who appreciate the value of reliable investment counsel growing out of an extended experience and specialized knowledge, Halsey, Stuart & Co. offer an invaluable advisory service.

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To acquaint you further with the nature of this service and the general policies of our organization, may we send you our booklet—"Choosing Your Investment Banker?" Ask for booklet OM-4. You will incur no obligation.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(Continued)

should next inquire about earning power. This naturally is extremely important, for unless there are earnings it is not possible to pay interest. To be surely on the side of safety it is well to require earnings at least two and one-half times interest charges, so that even if there is a shrinkage there will still be enough left to take care of requirements.

It is also a wise precaution to satisfy one's self regarding the company's balance sheet. Floating debts and current indebtedness are sometimes obstructions in the path of a company's progress which may prove insuperable. The management is a most important factor too, and an examination of a company's past records often proves a reliable indicator of what the future holds in store.

Marketability is a most important characteristic. A bond that can be sold on short notice and without financial sacrifice is generally considered an asset superior to one for which there are few purchasers and can only be disposed of at a loss. In this connection it is plain to see that a bond issued by a company engaged in a stable and necessary line of business is preferable to one put out by a company whose product is a temporary thing and which fills only a passing need. This was emphasized strongly during the war in the case of stocks, and of course the general principles underlying bond investments apply equally to stocks. Think of the munition plants that sprang up like mushrooms all over the country, whose stocks became enormously valuable almost over night, and in many cases made fabulous fortunes for their owners. What has become of them? In many cases they are worthless, or quoted at nominal prices only. Some of these companies were enabled to transform their plants and engage in manufacturing the products for which there is a demand in normal times, and are still prosperous. Not all of them were so fortunate, however, as many a stockholder can testify. And whether it seems so or not, the fact remains that conditions are what is known as normal more often than abnormal, and in the long run the person who capitalizes this fact is sure to come out on top. Right now world conditions are, slowly perhaps, but none the less surely, returning to what President Harding has described as normalcy. The world is beginning to resume the even tenor of its ways, and those industries which cater to the demands of peace and orderly progress are coming into their own. And if a company has earned its interest charges more than twice over during a period of more than five years, the supposition is that its products are in steady demand and its business a permanent thing.

New enterprises are usually adventures. Any person who cannot afford to speculate can well ignore new and untried enterprises of all kinds. A new shoe factory may be a big success, a new railway may fill a long-felt need and be prosperous from the start, a new oil

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company may grow to rival the Standard Oil; anything is possible in this world of ours. But if success is a possibility, so is failure. By taking reasonable precautions one can safeguard himself against the latter contingency to a considerable extent, and few people are in a position to do otherwise.

Remember a few of the safeguards, anyway. Assure yourself that the company whose bonds you are considering is sound; find out just what position your bond occupies in the financial structure of the corporation, and bear in mind that the nearer it is to being absolutely a first mortgage, the safer it is; keep out of new and untried enterprises. These are three main points.

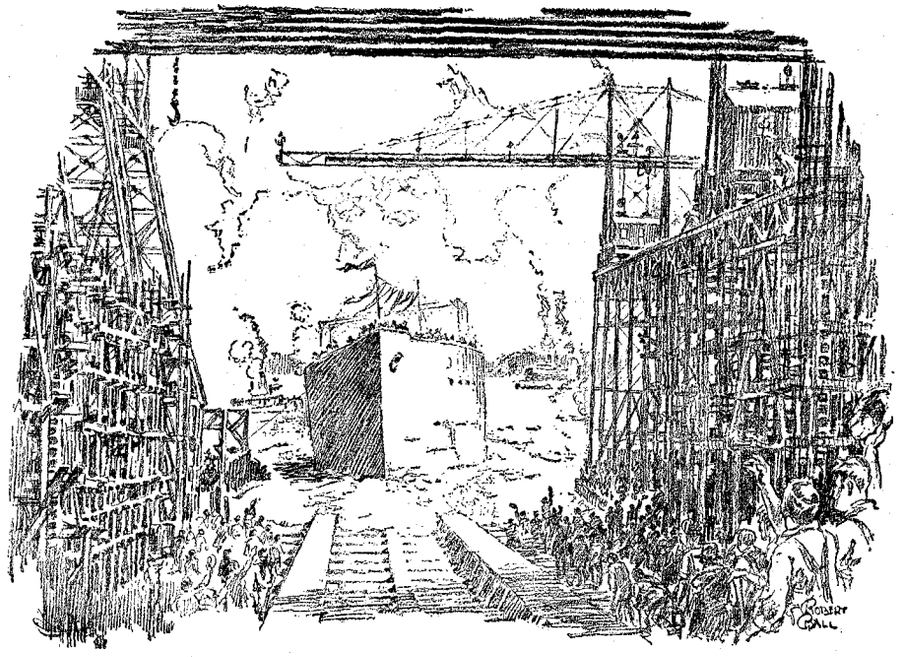
Perhaps you think it is impossible to take these precautions, that the requirements of a sound bond investment are so exacting that no bond measures up to them. This is not so. There are hundreds of good bonds, and if some one tells you that none of them is absolutely safe, what of it? No investment in the world is absolutely safe. It is, however, possible to reduce the risks of loss to a minimum, and if there is any investment safer than a high-grade bond we have yet to hear of it. But, you may say, how can one be sure that a bond is high grade? We have mentioned the fact that banking and investment houses have statistical departments which supply answers to just such questions. These departments are maintained and operated for your benefit, and if you do not take advantage of them, it is your own fault. Ignorance is no crime, and no banker will hold it against you if you are ignorant of the investment suited to your needs. Consult your banker freely and do not hesitate to ask him questions. If you do not know how to analyze bond investments, he does, and his knowledge and sources of knowledge are always at your disposal.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

Q. Please tell me something about the Northwestern Bell Tel. and Tel. 7s, Series A, due 1941, and the Westinghouse Electric 7s, due 1931.

A. The Northwestern Bell Tel. and Tel. 7s, Series A, are outstanding to the amount of $30,000,000. Additional bonds of other series may be issued for not more than seventy-five per cent of the cash cost of additional properties secured. The Series A bonds are redeemable at 107½ and interest on 60 days' notice as a whole only. There is a sinking fund of $300,000 annually for the purchase of these bonds at not over par and interest. Bonds so purchased will continue to draw interest, which will be added to the sinking fund. These bonds are a direct obligation of the company and secured by a lien on its entire physical property.

The Westinghouse Electric 7s are authorized and outstanding to the amount of $30,000,000. They are redeemable as a whole only May 1, 1926, or on any interest date thereafter at par and interest. They are a direct obligation of the company, but are not secured by mortgage. The company, however, must at all times have un-



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CONTEST NUMBER THREE

"Mine Own People"

WHAT do you really think of your neighborhood? What is your private opinion of your family? Do you agree with Oliver Herford's dictum: "God makes our relatives; thank God we make our own friends"? We should like to know what kind of environment you live in; does it stimulate or does it depress you? Would you have chosen it if you had had any say about it?

For the best letters on the subject of "Mine Own People" we will award:

a first prize of Fifty Dollars
a second prize of Thirty Dollars
a third prize of Twenty Dollars

Tell us truthfully of your revolts, if any, against your home life; also of your enthusiasms. If you are a woman, what do you really think of your men? If you are a man, let us have a critical estimate of your women folk. What complaints have children of their parents, and parents of their children? Do you approve of your neighbors? Be objective. Don't be introspective. You don't have to be bitter.

CONDITIONS OF CONTEST

1. Write your name (add a pen name, if you like, for publication) and address in the upper left-hand corner of your letter. We urge the use of pen names.
2. All letters must be typewritten on one side of the paper only.
3. Limit your letter to 600 words of average length.
4. Your letter, to be eligible, must reach us on or before June 20.
5. We reserve the right to purchase for publication desirable letters not winning prizes.
6. Unavailable letters will not be returned.
7. The staff of The Outlook will be the judges of the contest.

Address all contest letters to

CONTEST EDITOR, THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(Continued)

pledged current assets equal to at least one and a half times the outstanding bonds. They are subject to $6,275,000 first and refunding 6s due 1940.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES

DOWN in Tampico, Mexico, they say what they think. Pat Page delivers this short, vigorous upper-cut: "It's probably none of my business, but, anyhow, I want you to know that I think you put out an exceptionally good weekly, but you brag about it too damned much."

THE Book Stall continues to serve many Outlook readers. One of them who lives in Tulsa, Oklahoma, writes: "To be able to order books through your company, without reference to any particular publisher, makes ordering so much easier and I just wanted to tell you how much I appreciate it."

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the Chicago "Tribune" is "the world's greatest newspaper," we are in receipt of the following extraordinary letter from a man in Humboldt, Illinois: "Enclosed please find my check for my renewal. I had made up my mind that I could not afford this renewal, but I am sure that I cannot afford to be without your paper. So I have given up the Chicago 'Daily Tribune' instead. Last year the subscription to The Outlook cost two bushels of corn, while this renewal costs twelve bushels. Quite an increase in price."

"CAST thy check upon the waters and $6.50 of it shall return to thee after many days," writes Lee Ramsdell, winner of the first prize in our recent war confessions contest, in a letter ordering her subscription renewed for a year and a batch of copies to send to her friends.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that The Outlook's Prize Contest Number Two closed on March 31, contest letters are still arriving. To those whose enthusiasm prompts them to take a belated shot at the prize money we would suggest that they forget contest number two and concentrate upon contest number three, now open, which closes Monday, June 20, 1921.

LET those who regard generosity as a lost art read the following letter from a subscriber in Burlington, Iowa. This gracious lady, it seems, read a letter in this column in our April 13 issue from some one who, though sorely in need of new clothing, preferred to renew his subscription to The Outlook instead. "Having read the second paragraph in the column Publisher's Notes, of The Outlook for April 13," comes word from Burlington, "would deem it a privilege to send you each year the subscription price of The Outlook for so loyal and enthusiastic a reader. Accordingly am enclosing the amount of this year's subscription, and if you see no reason for doing otherwise, would be glad to have you refund to your subscriber the Five Dollars he has sent—and tell him at the same time that his only responsibility in regard to The Outlook in the future will

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be to read and enjoy it. Hoping this will meet with your approval and asking that you send me each year—as aforesaid—the bill for his subscription, which I will be most pleased to remit for, believe me also a can't-do-without-it subscriber."

ANTIOCH ANTICIPATED

In connection with the editorial entitled "The New Antioch," in The Outlook of May 4, you may be interested to learn that a similar experiment was tried ninety years ago at Waterville College (now Colby College). The late Professor E. W. Hall writes of this experiment in the "Centennial History of Waterville," as follows:

"In 1831 a manual labor department was established to enable students to earn part of their college expenses by manufacturing doors, blinds, sashes, tables, chairs, and similar articles. Three workshops were built for this department by the students themselves, who also in 1832 built the large boarding house long known as the Commons House. . . . In 1835 a printing office was added. . . . The enterprise proved unprofitable and the shops were removed from the college grounds in 1842."

I may add that in my student days at Colby I roomed for nearly two years in the "Commons House" referred to by Doctor Hall. It has since been burned, and no trace now remains on the campus of this old-time endeavor.

CHARLES P. CHIPMAN,
Librarian.
Colby College Library, Waterville, Maine.

ONE EFFECT OF THE COLOMBIAN TREATY

How is it possible for a loyal American to remain a supporter of the Republican party when the Administration, the President and Senators, are willing to sell their birthright for a mess of porridge, and that only implied and not promised?

Is our Government controlled by the moneyed, in this case the oil, interests?

Is it a result of our system that all Governmental leaders must be politicians rather than men of honor, integrity, and justice?

Perhaps it is still possible to produce men of the Lincoln and Roosevelt type, but they have been very conspicuous by their absence the last few years.

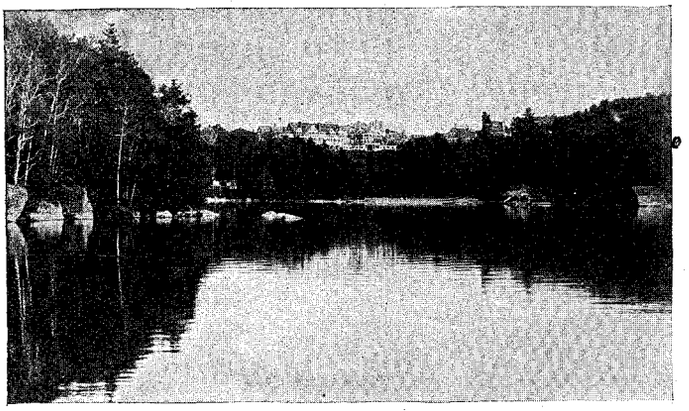
The above is the effect of the passage of the Colombian Treaty, which, in my humble opinion, will be regretted more and more as the years go by.

When one is not an idealist nor a capitalist, what party should he support? It looks like the old proverb "between the devil and the deep blue sea."

Occasionally there is a ray of hope, exemplified in the recent note of Secretary of State Hughes to Japan and the Big Three concerning our interests on the island of Yap. Why don't we have more of that?

Thanks for permitting me to relieve my mind. JOHN B. ZINN.

Department of Chemistry, Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Massachusetts.



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Lv. Buffalo 6:00 p. m. Arr. Detroit 9:00 a. m.	(Daylight trips during July and August)
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